

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 361

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1823.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Graces, or Literary Souvenir for 1824. To be continued annually. pp. 450. London, Hurst & Robinson.

THIS volume, which is dedicated to the accomplished Lady Leicester, contains a great variety of attractive matter: *Poetry* in all popular styles, sentimental, martial, and dramatic, for the lovers of verse; a *Tale* of considerable length and striking interest, for the romantic; *Bans-mots*, to the amount of half a hundred pages, from and for *diners out* of the first reputation; and an *Obituary*, containing brief memoirs of the most brilliant and distinguished persons who have died during the year, "to point a moral and adorn a tale" for the brilliant and distinguished among their survivors! If all this were well done, it must obviously form a highly amusing and interesting volume; and its present place in our columns may be taken for satisfactory evidence of our opinion.

In a succinct Preface it is stated that the idea of the work was taken from those pleasant and unquestionably popular miscellanies which, under the names of "Literary Almanacks," "Remembrancers," "Memorias," "Muses," and a hundred other tempting titles, make the delight of the great Land of Smokers and Metaphysicians, and compensate for the absence of the Sun.

We have already noticed some performances of the same species, and noticed them as very graceful specimens of composition and decoration. The present work, which has come out the latest, apparently for the purpose of touching upon the very verge of the New Year, is of an order on which we should be lavish of our praise, were it not that we prefer leaving our readers to judge for themselves. We have taken the following extracts merely with a view to the convenience of our columns in the selection; more or less favourable was not in question. Let the reader judge for himself here as in other points. But brevity of extract in a publication which, like ours, labours to embrace all the prominent passing topics of the literary day, is an essential. Those who look for more, must look to the volume. The preface is headed by a little Poem, half dedicatory, half descriptive, which we first quote. The Publishers have shown good taste and good sense in the dedication of the general volume. Of course we must not allow ourselves to do more than allude to the name of the charming Lady at whose feet it is laid. But if taste in every pursuit that can embellish the female character, and the possession of every virtue that can give it personal dignity and honour, may point out an individual, there could be found no more fitting object for the respect and homage of public ability. The mention of Sir John Leicester's name in the Dedication was due to one of the most munificent protectors of British Art that has appeared in the age.

THE GRACES.

*Simplici myrto æquil allabores
Sedulus curæ. Hor.*

I lay upon a bank with harebells strown;
For now the ruddy Sun was growing pale,
And here and there a star was glittering lone,
And rich with odours from the blossomed vale
Came slowly as a sigh the evening gale.
Then all was hush'd,—but where with folded wing
Above me cooed the turtle-dove her tale,
And, thro' the grass, a little bubbling spring
Wooded gentle Summer-sleep with its low mur-
muring.

But whether that sweet spot was haunted ground,
Or that the world-sick fancy loves to stray
Thro' regions on our weary Earth unfound;
No sooner sleep upon my eyelids lay,
Than seemed to light the East a lovelier day;
And, lo! upon the dappled clouds afar
Came winged and rosewreathed forms, that with
fond play

Danced round and round a slow descending car,
From which a radiance shone, richer than Sun or
Star.

And from it stooped upon the flowery bank
Three shapes of beauty; yet they wore no
plume.

In reverent worship at their feet I sank:
"We come," said they, and Echo said "We
come,"

In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume.
"We come, The GRACES three! to teach the
spell, [bloom."

That makes sweet woman lovelier than her
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let Wit! and Wisdom! with her sovereign beauty
dwell!"

Every Month has a poetical description.
We shall exemplify them by

OCTOBER.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his nowle was toffy of the muste,
Which he was treading in the wine vat's sea.
Spenser.

There are vapours on the sky,
When the day-break opens its eye;
There are vapours round the sun,
Ere the hastening day is done;
Yet, October, pale and sere,
Thou to me of all the year,
Now declining to its rest,
Art the loveliest, sweetest, best;
To the spirit's musings holy,
Gentle month of melancholy.

By thy noontide let me rove
Deep within some ancient grove;
Where the forked branches spread
Like a cloister, over-head,
In the breeze's rustling play,
Downwards let a dubious day
On the beds of foliage, strown
As the rich-discoloured stone
Of some old cathedral aisle;
When upon the giant pile,
Once the glory of the land,
Time and storm have stamped their brand,
And from floor to fretted roof,
Like a bending cloud aloof;

Every passing year doth lay
Emblems of sublime decay.

Then, with often pausing feet,
Let me find some mossy seat,
Where upon th' emerging eye
Bursts the pomp of earth and sky,
Heaven in sunset splendour dyed,
Valleys distant, dim, and wide;
Streams, that through their verdure break
Like a winding silver snake;
Bays, upon whose azure breast
Seem the ships in light to rest;
While some central mountain's brow,
Flaming in the western glow,
Down whose side th' autumnal wood
Sweeps a gold and crimson flood,
In its ancient majesty
Soars, a pillar of the sky!

What to this are palaces,
Where the heart is ill at ease?
Is not in this murmuring rill,
Trickling from its basin chill,
In this solemn whispering wind,
Desper medicine to the mind,—
In this lonely twilight wood,
Lovelier leisure to be good,—
Than ever wounded spirit found
In the world's distracting round?

There is also a prose description; for instance, "MAY.

"May is proverbially the loveliest month of the year. —

—The Romans named this month from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, and daughter of *Atlas*, and one of the *Pleiades*. On the first of the month, they sacrificed to *Maia*, yet *Apollo* was its presiding deity.

"It was called by the Saxons *Tri Mitche*, from the rude but pastoral observation of the increase of milk from the springing grass.

"The Flower-garden Calendar.

"In this month an enemy scarcely less formidable than the inclemency of the skies requires all the vigilance of the flower-gardener. Insects of almost every species, that had lain torpid during the winter, now come out in full appetite, and with the most extraordinary and subtle means for its indulgence. It is not the least advantage of Gardening, that it compels the mind to some knowledge of Nature—a knowledge which, rightly followed, leads the human spirit up to reverence and homage before the great Author of all wisdom, fitness, and beauty.

"The mechanism of the insect world, repulsive as its general aspects are, abounds in proofs of an invention, an exact application of the means to the end, a variety of powers, functions, and faculties, altogether beyond the art, or even the imagination of man. The deeper we penetrate into the inquiry, the more singular, delicate, and astonishing appears the work of this minute creation. The most powerful microscopes only show us, that beyond the smallest species that we can investigate, there is something smaller still; that life, thought, the power of satisfying their wants, of providing for their security, of pass-

ing through space with a comparative swiftness of foot, or wing, to which the most rapid speed of the higher animals is slow, and from time to time a lavish and oriental splendour of ornament and colour, to which gold and gems are pale, are to be found in creatures that almost elude vision. It is not improbable that this descending creation may have as many degrees as the ascent from man to the most glorious spirit that ministers before the throne in Heaven; that there may be creatures to whom a leaf is a world, or a drop of water an ocean. Human imagination is confounded by such conceptions; but they may be truths to our powers cleared in a nobler state of existence, and they may be among the direct motives of the intellect risen from the grave, to offer the eternal honour of its reason and its heart to Him who has filled the heights and depths of the universe with wonder and beauty without end." - - -

The Deipnosophist is the title of the facetia department. Who would expect such matters as the following dozen exhibits, under so learned and *superior* a name?

"The Continental Governments could not go on without a Secret Police," said one of the foreign Corps Diplomatique. "I doubt it as a maxim," replied an illustrious personage. "A Secret Police may have some conveniences to a weak ministry, but it is an incumbrance to an intelligent one. A system of espionage is an acknowledgment of public incapacity; *Who but the blind walk by the ear?*"

"The Prince de — attempts to reconcile two things which were never reconciled since the beginning of time—popularity and parsimony. At his last fête, half the wines were sour." "What!" said —, "does he expect to make his way through the world, like Hannibal, by vinegar?"

"The French Revolution produced some undoubted advantages to the people." "Yes; but they paid rather too high for them," said an illustrious personage. "The crew warmed their fingers by *blowing up the magazine*."

"At one of Napoleon's last superb levees, Carnot observed, 'The miseries of France exist only in the mouths of faction. A splendid court makes a splendid nation.' 'Perhaps so,' rejoined —, the Minister; 'when the top and bottom of the hour-glass can be full at the same time.'

"The rumours relative to the late Queen of Holland's conduct are known. Napoleon at length grew weary of her solicitations for territory. 'How many provinces will this woman want for her children?' said Napoleon, to the most distinguished of his ministers. 'As many as your Majesty pleases.' 'But how many children does she intend to have?' 'As many as your Majesty pleases,' was the answer.

"Fouché and T. had quarrelled. On their next meeting, 'M. de T.' said Fouché, 'you need not triumph in your rank; under an usurpation the greatest scoundrel may be prime minister, if he please.' 'How fortunate then for me, M. Fouché,' said T. 'that you *condemned to be Minister of Police!*'"

"Do you think, Monsieur, that Bonaparte was naturally a poltron? he constantly ran away after he became Emperor." "No more a poltron," said — the Minister, "than the robber who runs away after the robbery."

"On the accession of the Fox Ministry in 1806, Doctor —, a physician, applied to the new Chancellor for his patronage. 'My dear Sir,' said the Chancellor, 'your profes-

sion puts it out of my power to assist you. I cannot make patients for you. Will you try the Church?' The Church was tried, and the Doctor was inducted into a valuable Kentish living. On this story's being told, 'Why,' said J—, the barrister, 'the change after all was not extreme; he only left the Mortar for the Canon.'

"In a conversation on the merits of the successive Ministers during the late war, it was observed in disparage of Pitt, that 'he suffered no man of talents in the cabinet, while some of his successors adopted a more liberal system.' 'Sir,' said Sir P. Francis, in his peculiar style, 'I owed the living man no love—but I will not trample on any man in his coffin. Pitt could fear no antagonist, and therefore could want no auxiliary. Jackalls prey in packs; but who ever heard of a hunting party of lions!'

"The rage for continental travelling was the topic. 'Lord A.— Lord B., with a crowd of other Nobles, are going to Greece direct,' said Lady D., known for Italian literature. 'Aye,' said J. the barrister, 'it is to verify the Scripture phrase, *to the Greeks foolishness*.'

"At a party at Brighton, a coterie of old ladies talked with peculiar severity of the manners of the day. Some rather direct allusions were made; Lady J.—, once the 'observed of all observers,' felt herself piqued; and the conversation became what the French call, *interesting*! The circle deepened round the fair disputants, when some one observed a mouse running about the room. This produced alarm; and the servants were rung for to despatch the mouse. 'I insist upon its not being touched!' said her Ladyship, with a contemptuous look at the group. 'I honour courage: that mouse is plainly not afraid of Cats.'

"So Regnault de St. Angely is gone: of what did he die?" said —, meeting one of the Chamber of Peers. 'Of a fever on the brain,' was the answer. 'Impossible! there was no foundation for the report,' rejoined —.

"The Earl of — must be rather straitened now," it was observed, at a table of high rank, 'with insurrection in three-fourths of his estates, and the fourth flying about in all kinds of strange ways. His revenue is, the prodigal's candle burning at both ends.' 'And in the present instance, it can be no kind of consolation to him,' observed C., 'that his candle had been prodigiously *dipt* before.'

"Time is the great teacher, after all. There's the D— of M—, after all his dashing, turned a pattern of domestic virtues, and all that sort of thing," said Lady J—. 'He is, I am told, grown as abstemious as a hermit.' 'Likely enough,' replied C—, 'the man may fairly be presumed to have done with his dinner, who sends away his plate.'

In various parts the sweet miscellaneous poetry of a high order is introduced. We give some examples:

SILENCE.

"Triste el corazón se queja,
Y lo le pregunto triste;
Corazón: porque te has muerto?
Y él responde: porque quise."

EUPHONY.

Leave me!—But first—let all the doors be shut,
The curtains drawn; the household revelries,
Voices and instruments, forget their sounds;
The menials' feet be shod with noiseless down;
The bells all muffled, all the courts be laid
With herbage, that no echo wake the air;—
The baying hounds be chain'd; the horse's hoof
Shackled, that he no more may paw the ground.

Send out the falcons, that the sky be clear'd
Of every wandering note; I'll have all hush'd,
Till not a sparrow twitter round the roof,
To tell me, that there's a life in the world.—Look there!

DEATH sits, the King of all the quick and dead,
And we must honour him.

(She sings.)

"Come to my heart, pale Death!
Let me be laid beneath
Thicket or stone;
Let no eye come to weep,
Where I am laid to sleep,—
Sorrow's all done!"

SONG.

Flower of Beauty! in thy halls
All is pomp and pleasure now;
Music echoes round thy walls,
Jewelled Nobles round thee bow;
Yet the one who dies for thee,
Wanders on the lonely sea!
Come, sweet lute! and bid the wind
Whisper in my Lady's ear,
How her image was enshrined
In my bosom's hope and fear.
So, her stately breast may prove
Some sad memory of my love!
Yet, be hush'd! my Lady's cheek
Ne'er shall lose the rose for me;
Heavy heart! in silence break,
Rather than her sorrow see.
Rather pine in cold disdain,
Than be happy—in her pain.
Princes for thy beauty sighed,
But I scorned with them to sigh;
True love has a lion's pride,
It can only love,—and die!
Lady sweet! thy struggling slave
Finds his freedom in the grave."

THE PARTING.

C'est pour mourir que la fleur vient de naître,
Les feux du jour vont perdre leur chaleur.
Autour de moi Je vois tout disparaître,
Tout se détruit; Je garde ma douleur.

Farewell! I've broke my chain at last,
My boat is ling'ring on the shore;
The bitterness of death is past,
Nor love, nor scorn, shall wring me more.
I loved, how deeply loved,—oh, Heaven!
To thee, to thee the pang is known:
Proud woman, be thy crime forgiven;
Mine be the shame, the grief alone.

The madd'ning hour when first we met,
The glance, the smile, the vow, you gave—
The last wild moment, haunt me yet;
I feel they'll haunt me to my grave.
Down, wayward heart, no longer heave;
Thou idle tear, no longer flow;
And may that Heaven she dared deceive,
Forgive, as I forgive her now.

Too lovely—Oh, too loved, farewell!
Though parting rends my bosom's strings,
This hour we part—the grave shall tell
The thought that to my spirit clings.
Thou pain, above all other pain!
Thou joy, all other joys above!
Again, again, I feel thy chain,
And die thy slave and martyr,—LOVE!

The Memoirs are brief, but spirited. We have only room for two paragraphs, from the Sketch of J. Kemble:

"While the recollection of this man is still living before the general eye, it would be as idle as it would be difficult, to enter into a detail of his qualities. With the commanding figure and noble countenance of a classic hero, he had a melancholy beauty of expression, and even a tone of voice, that gave the

whole rich and profound sentiment of Shakspeare. . . .

"He might remind us of one of the 'Visions' in the Wild Sisters' Cave,—passing away like a shadow, but crowned and sceptered—the shadow of a king! and showing in his mirror the whole line that are yet to occupy the throne."

The Embellishments are not numerous, but they are beautiful; and the volume altogether a very handsome and elegant holiday present.

VIE DE ROSSINI, PAR M. DE STENDHAL.

(Continued from our last Number.)

THE general eagerness to know something about this celebrated *Maestro*, who a few days ago arrived in London (with his lady) to undertake the superintendence of the Opera during the approaching season, induced an extensive pillage by the various journals, and other publications of the Metropolis, of the passages which we last week extracted from M. de Stendhal's Life of Rossini. Rambling and incoherent as the Memoir itself is, our extracts from it must necessarily partake of its character. If however they amuse our readers, our object will be gained.

M. de Stendhal commences the second part of his work with a critical examination of the musical merits of *La Cenerentola* and *La Gazza Ladra*. Of the latter he speaks with rapturous delight. The air in the opening of the second act of *La Gazza Ladra*, in which Don Magnifico tells the audience that when one of his daughters has married the Prince, good things in the shape of bribes will shower abundantly upon him, reminds M. de Stendhal of an incident which occurred within his own knowledge during the times of the republic in France, and which is finely illustrative of the stern integrity and modest assurance of those times.

"Two young men, who had a great deal of business to transact with the Minister of —, fancied that they should be able to double the quantity of fictitious accounts which they every month presented to him to sign, if they could contrive to make him an agreeable present. After having sought for some time in the neighbourhood of Paris, they at length met with a very pleasant chateau, surrounded by a pretty estate, not far from Mon—. Our young folks bought the estate, and ordered the chateau to be fitted up in the modern taste, and with all possible elegance. When every thing was complete, one of them said to the other, 'Let us enjoy a week in the chateau before we give it to the Minister.' The consequence of this brilliant thought was the speedy presence of twenty handsome women and their friends; good dinners every day, and sprightly balls every night. At length the sad termination of that period arrives. One of the friends very sorrowfully takes the keys of the chateau, and presents them to the citizen Minister. 'The chateau must be damp,' were the only words which the Minister uttered on receiving the gift. 'Impossible, citizen Minister; we took the precaution of inhabiting it for a week before we offered it to you.'—'And with what kind of folks did you inhabit it?'—'Faith, with very pleasant guests; with our familiar friends.'—'That is to say, (replied the Minister, frowning,) you have dared to introduce women of suspicious character into my chateau. O rare piece of impertinence! Go, citizen, and henceforward preserve more

respect for a minister." At these words the contractor vanishes, and the citizen minister orders his horses that he may visit his estate."

There is whim even in Rossini's malice, if the following anecdote be true:

"When Rossini composed *La Gazza Ladra*, he was embroiled with Galli, his happy rival with La M.... Knowing that Galli, in the middle of his very beautiful voice, had two or three notes which he could take correctly if he passed quickly over them, but which he sung out of tune when he was obliged to pause upon them, Rossini did not fail to contrive a recitative, in which Galli was compelled to dwell upon the identical notes which he was unable to sing accurately."

The best of the joke however was, that Galli, piqued at the circumstance, obstinately refused to transpose those notes in the performance, which he might easily have done; and the consequence of which was that his own reputation was impaired. Some time afterwards, however, Rossini was softened, and wrote for Galli an air suited to his voice.

M. de Stendhal contrasts the indifference of the French with the susceptibility of the Italians in musical matters, and thus, we think happily, accounts for it:

"Every body whom you meet in Paris exhibits the amusing picture of some slight shade of emotion. In men of forty years of age it is generally egotism; in young fellows, military affectation; in women the wish to please. Never do you see the direct expression of ennui; that would be ridiculous in Paris. Sometimes you may observe a little ill-humour, but seldom or never gloomy passions. In Italy ennui is too often produced by the absence of sensations. The French therefore carry to the theatre a soul worn out during the day by a thousand emotions; the Italian of Parma or Ferrara a virgin soul, which has been unmoved throughout the day, but which is nevertheless capable of the most powerful feelings. Italians in the street despise the passers-by, or do not see them; French are anxious for their esteem. The Parisian, from the moment that he goes out in the morning, enters into a hundred affairs, and experiences a hundred little operations upon his sensibility. Since the fall of Napoleon nothing disturbs the death-like tranquillity of a small Italian town. This appears to me to be the philosophical reason of the extraordinary success of music beyond the Alps, but never in France. Not only is there more fire in Italian souls, but that fire is economised. In France we have ten kinds of amusement for our evenings; in Italy there is but one—Music. People run to a celebrated piece in Paris to judge and to talk of it; not to be transported, or to burst into tears, as at Milan."

M. Stendhal indulges in some further hard hits at his countrymen, in a chapter from which the following passages are extracts:

"In France nothing that has been generally received on the subject of music is relinquished, except by little and little. I admire to-day what I admired yesterday; otherwise of what should I talk to-morrow? What changes have taken place in other respects during the last five and twenty years! One class only remains unmoved, in order to console the national pride; it is the audience at the Opera. The singing there is as bad as it was sixty years ago. The French orchestra, which always fancies itself the first orchestra in the world, can no more execute a *crescendo* of Rossini's at the present day than it could at that time. Faithful to the ears lined with

parchment of our brave forefathers, it is frightened to death, lest it should begin too softly, and despises nice gradations of sound as indicative of a want of vigour. The physical part of musical talent has doubtless improved; but the moral part (if I may so express myself) remains the same. Rossini is about to pass through Paris on his way to London. We shall see our symphonists disputing with him respecting the time of pieces of his own composition, and pretending to know it better than he does. Musical science inundates us, but musical feeling has run dry. I am overwhelmed with young prodigies of ten years and a half old, who perform concertos; but all the best violin players of the orchestra cannot execute the accompaniment of the duet in the *Armide*. Mechanism improves, but art decays. It was not until nine years after Rossini had been the delight of Italy, and of a great part of Germany, that *Le Barbier de Seville* made him known at Paris."

Nor does England escape without a sneer, but it is of another description:

"From respect for the Bible they have not dared to represent *Mose* in London at the Italian Opera. With the music of *Mose* they have constructed a *Pierre l'Ermite*. This attempt pleases me. I hope they will make tolerable libretti for four or five of Rossini's Operas, the actual incidents of which are as absurd as they are repulsive to the imagination. It is difficult to meet with a page in the thirty literary journals of England which is not sanctified by some allusion to the Bible. What shall I say of Mr. Irving? It is impossible that there could be such a being in France, even at Toulouse."

Rossini's Opera of *Mose* was brought out at Naples in 1818, and received with enthusiasm, with the exception of the passage of the Red Sea, in the third act, which was so unskilfully managed by the machinist as invariably to excite general laughter. M. Stendhal relates the following occurrence as having taken place just before the commencement of the second season of this Opera:

"The day before that on which *Mose* was to be represented, one of my friends called, about noon, on Rossini, who, as usual, was lounging in his bed, and giving audience to about a dozen friends; when, to the great amusement of all, appeared the poet Totola (the author of the Opera,) who, without saluting any body, cried out, '*Maestro! Maestro!* I have saved the third act.'—'Aye? What the devil saved thou have done, my poor friend? Depend upon it they will sneer at us as usual.'—'*Maestro!* I have made a prayer for the Hebrews before the passage of the Red Sea.' Upon this the poet draws from his pocket a bundle of papers, and gives them to Rossini, who sets himself to decipher some scrawls on the margin of the principal one. While he is reading, the poet salutes the company smilingly all round, every moment repeating in an under tone of voice, '*Maestro!* I wrote it in an hour.' Rossini stares at him: 'You wrote it in an hour, eh?' The poor poet, trembling, and apprehending some wicked jest, shrinks into a nut-shell, forces a laugh, and looking at Rossini, replies, 'Yes, *Signor*; yes, *Signor Maestro*.'—'Well, if thou hast taken an hour to write this prayer, I will compose the music to it in a quarter of an hour.' At these words Rossini jumps out of bed, places himself at a table in his shirt, and composes the music of the prayer of Moses in eight or ten minutes

at most, without any piano, and while the conversation is carrying on among his friends in a loud tone of voice, as is the usage of the country; after which he dispatches Totola, jumps into bed again, and joins in the general laugh at the scared look of the poet."

The success of this prayer when it was next day performed, was transcendent. We have already mentioned the effect which the physician Cottogno declared that it had on a number of young and susceptible females.

The following are the remarks which M. de Stendhal makes on the insufficient pecuniary recompense which Rossini received for his talents in Italy, on the superior advantages in that respect which he would have enjoyed in France, and on the much more than counterbalancing injury which he would have sustained in other respects from any long-continued residence in the latter country:

"Mozart was the first of Rossini's Operas for which he was remunerated in a proper manner. He got 4200 francs by it. *Tancredi* paid him only 600 francs, and *Otello* a hundred louis. The custom in Italy is, for a piece of music to remain for two years the property of the *impresario*, who employed the composer of it; after which it becomes that of the public. It is in consequence of this absurd law that the music-seller, Ricordi, of Milan, has enriched himself by Rossini's Operas, while the composer of them was left in poverty. Far from deriving an annual income from his Operas, as would have been the case in France, Rossini is obliged to have recourse to the complaisance of the *impresario*, if during the first two years he wishes to produce his works in any other theatre than that for which they were composed; and besides, this repetition of them affords him no benefit.

"There can be no doubt that in three days Rossini could prepare an Opera for the Fey-deau, well filled with music (eight or nine pieces.) He has been often advised to come to France, to recast the music of all the Comic Operas of Sédaine, d'Héle, Marmontel, and other good writers who have introduced dramatic effect into their works. In six months Rossini would have made a fortune of two hundred louis a year, a sum which would have been important to him before his marriage with Mademoiselle Colbrand. In other respects the advice to come to Paris was detestable. Were Rossini to live six years among us, he would become only a common man. He would have three more crosses, much less gaiety, and no genius. His mind would lose its elasticity. 'The Life of Goëthe,' written by himself, and especially 'The History of the Expedition of Champagne,' show what men of genius gain by coming near courts. Canova refused to live at that of Napoleon. At Paris, Rossini would have had continual intercourse with the court; but, poor Italian artist as he is, he has a hundred times more dignity in his manner of thinking, as well as of just pride, than Goëthe, the celebrated philosopher. In his eyes a prince is only a man invested with magisterial duties more or less elevated, of which he acquires himself more or less well.

"It would be required in France that Rossini should be a man of repartée, a pleasing man with the ladies, nay, perhaps a politician. In Italy, society has allowed him to be only one thing—a musician. A black waistcoat, a blue coat, and a cravat once a day, is a costume which he would not abandon to be presented to the greatest princess in the world,

Such a barbarism does not prevent him from being very welcome in Italy among the ladies. In France they would call him a bear."

M. de Stendhal maintains, that powerful feeling is indispensable to a relish of music as well as of all the fine arts. He contends, that those who are passionately fond of bad music, are nearer good taste than wise persons who love with good sense, reason, and moderation, the best music that ever was composed. This position he thus illustrates:

"Canova used to show a little writing of eight lines, the translation of expressions of astonishment and enthusiasm which some years ago fell from an American savage, who for the first time saw a representation of the human head in the shape of a barber's block, with a wig upon it. The modesty of Canova, who was the most mild and simple of human beings, prevented him from adding what we will tell for him. A man of taste, on seeing Canova's sublime group of Venus and Adonis, at Naples, in which the great sculptor has represented the goddess agitated by a fatal presentiment while she is bidding the last farewell to her lover, who is going to the chase in which he perishes,—a man of the most delicate taste, on contemplating this admirable master-piece of the most divine grace and the most refined sentiment, expressed himself precisely in the same terms as the American savage had done with respect to the barber's block! It is thus evident that rapturous admiration of works of art never proves any thing but the capability of feeling in the man who admires, and not the degree of merit in the thing admired."

The facility with which some modern singers imitate the dexterity of a skilful player on the violin, and the importance which they attach to this mechanical faculty, are severely censured by M. de Stendhal, who places Madame Catalani in this class, and adds, certainly with injustice, "But heaven forgot to place a heart in the neighbourhood of that divine throat."

Although, as we have already observed, a most enthusiastic admirer of Rossini, Mons. Stendhal thinks that his present, which he calls his second manner of composition, is inferior to his first. This he attributes to Rossini's having been induced by the richness of the ornament with which Velluti, the great singer at Milan, decorated his part in *L'Aureliano in Palmira*, thenceforward to write the *floriture* of his compositions himself, and thereby to limit the exercise of the singer's spontaneous taste; and also to the necessity under which he felt himself, while at Naples, of consulting the defects of Mademoiselle Colbrand's voice in his compositions.

Several chapters of M. de Stendhal's work are devoted to a very interesting analysis of the powers of Madame Pasta, of whom he speaks with the greatest admiration. But we are extending this article too far; and must content ourselves with extracting from the remainder of the second volume, and without farther comment, a few farther passages, chiefly consisting of anecdotes of Rossini:

"I have known Rossini faint in consequence of hisses. That was much for a man apparently so indifferent, and besides so sure of his own merit. It was at the first representation of the *Donna del Lago*, an Opera founded on a *bad poem* by Walter Scott."

But we must postpone our conclusion yet another week.

The Spawife; a Tale of the Scottish Chronicles. By the Author of Annals of the Parish, &c. &c. 12mo. 3 vols. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Whittakers. 1823.

This historical Tale, truly said to be founded on old Scottish Chronicles, is from the prolific pen of Mr. Galt; an author, the inequalities of whose productions are fully as obvious as their numbers. The Spawife does not belong to that class in which his talent is most happily displayed;—that class which pictures the habits of the middle and lower orders of Caledonian domestic life, interspersed with brief descriptions of natural scenery, and enriched with the remarks of an observant and acute mind, whether in gentle touches of pathos, or in slight strokes of satirical humour. These are the qualities which made the Annals of the Parish so deservedly popular; their absence it is which renders Kingan Gilhaise and the present publication so heavy and tedious. Involved in the dry details, and obscured in the remote clouds of ancient history, Mr. G. brings no remarkable accessories into the field to excite curiosity, inspire interest, or develop manners. On the contrary, there is not one character in the present novel about whose fate the reader can ever care an iota: they are all merely fantoccini figures, and whether they pass the bridge or flounder in the flood, whether they drown, hang, or are wedded, are decisions which we dare say never molested the spirit of him who wrote, and never will molest the spirit of any who peruse these volumes. In short, they are severally executed or otherwise disposed of, so that they do vanish, and the most perfect indifference attends their respective fates: apathy is sorely infectious.

We believe the author to have grounds for the extravagant human fiction of the Spawife, alias Annipie o' Dunblane; and he has not failed to go as far as he could with the part; for Annipie is not only endowed with ubiquity and prophecy, but with very wonderful powers of action in the mundane councils of kings and conspiracies of nobles. She is, in one word, supernatural; and a really supernatural Being is a bad agent in a historical novel.

Another of the most remarkable features of the tale is the style in which it is written. Because the story is old, the author seems to have thought that his language should be equally antiquated. This we think is a mistake. Quaintness and barbarous phraseology, instead of being appropriate, are deformities in any modern book; unless it can be shown that the English tongue, instead of being improved in richness and force, has been deteriorated within the last four centuries. Ten thousand therefroms, wherefroms, therebys, whilks, whereofs, thereats, &c. &c. are in our judgment any thing but improvements. But there is still greater error in coining words of no meaning, and in employing uncommon words in meanings which do not belong to them. Thus, Mr. G. talks of a king's "molestation of mind" when a rebellion is announced; of that "temerarious" rebellion's causing "molestation throughout the realm;" of subjects "already rehearsed," &c. &c. till the repetitions become tiresome and offensive. We do not like to censure (especially so able a writer) thus decidedly; but we trust that the effect of a few collected examples will induce him to pause on the adoption of a similar Babylonish dialect in future.

"Thus did their progenitor, while intending justice and atonement, work out against his own offspring a *machination of preroga-*

time fraught with the seeds of irremediable enmity. . . .

"Those weak qualities, however, which amounted to vices in his public faculties. . . .

"He had a mouth that was as a penance in a charnel-house to behold, and there was an altogether horror and simplicity about the lad very strange and dismal to see. . . .

"Then you do think that this same Spaw-wife, whereof we were discoursing, may possess the power of discerning what is coming to pass, though, as the Earl says, she lacks in the concord of the ordinary senses? . . .

"As if to vindicate the equivocation done to his royal birth and knightly bravery. . . .

"The boat rushed before the wind, as if it had been instinct, with eagerness to reach her port. . . .

"It made them almost smile and sometimes look aghast, and marvel why a celibacious man and learned clerk should think and chat so fidgeting of such gregarious pleasures and recreations. . . .

"When the Lord James and the Countess of Ross met, as rehearsed, on the verdant banks of the lively flowing Leven. Seeing their meeting afar off from the opposite hills, and wondering at the apparition of such an assemblage. . . .

"After some interchange of courtesies becoming their respective conditions, and made flexible by their relationship and his Majesty's favour. . . .

"From this sorrowful syncope she was, however, speedily recovered by the baptismal of cold water. . . .

"Among other events that came to pass, about the epoch of these things whereof recital has been made, was the voluntary departure of the disconsolate Duchess of Albany from Tantallon, to the summer lodge on Inchmurrin in Lochmond, the only pendicle that she could be moved to accept of all the princely earldom of her ancestors."

We put it to the writer's own consideration, if a narrative, of the tenor of which these are fair samples, can be as acceptable as one of less affectation, such as belongs to the present period, and not a jargon of biblical construction, old chronicle phraseology, and modern anachronisms.* And if this be correct touching the general style, the language of the best drawn personage in the tale (Glenfruin, a highland chief and thief) is almost unintelligible. He thus addresses the Duchess of Albany:

"Sowls and podies! will it pe te Laidie Tooches. And is't a to-be-surely that ye'll pe a coose o' te water, sitting on te stone al py yourselfanerly, mi Laidie Tooches—Oomph. . . .

"And we will pe tooing tat, curse taik me put we will, mi Laidie Tooches, and te land Nigel, hur nain la'ful pegotten, a praw craiter is te laad Nigel; will na he pring te boat frae te ferry—oomph. Put, sowls and podies! mi Laidie Tooches, and what for pe your Crae come here? Ah; te King's judifications!—oomph. . . .

"Pe pleased, mi Laidie Tooches, to make your commodity in te poat. Nigel, I say Nigel, ye ashyet teevil, will ye no pe spreading your plaid for her Crae, and this oold madam, her maiden?"

This is very good and characteristic, but we are sure cannot be understood on this (if, which we doubt, on the other) side of the Tweed.

Yet is our catalogue of blame incomplete:

* For instance, the terrible outlaw Graeme, in one place says his fate is like that of a "poacher,"—a poacher, in the time of James I.!!

the everlasting change from one set of actors, and from one chain of events to others, is a marked defect in the conduct of this Novel. In other respects it may be briefly described as adhering with tolerable fidelity to the history of those rude and unhappy times when a regime of bloody atrociousness was preceded by the struggles of a barbarous nobility, the executions of many high persons, and a display of all those fierce passions in the high, lawlessness in the low, and ignorance and brutality in the entire mass which deformed Scotland for centuries.

How well Mr. Galt could employ some of the materials furnished by the epoch, and work them into beauty, the following miscellaneous selections (for we will not go into any details) may serve to show. A legend of superstition is thus related:

"Dirlton being very vogie of his brave garb, shewed it to his lady, pressing the doublet into fitting as he gambolled in his jocularly with her, when suddenly the prentice, who was so standing by with the shears in his hand, having no respect to the Earl's degree, cried, 'For God sake! put off that coat, as ye wish to live. Oh! lady, as ye love my Lord, let it never be on him!'

"What for would ye not have me to wear this gallant coat?" replied Dirlton, marvelling at the wild creature's panic; 'I never had a braver on my shoulders.' But the poor ashy-faced boy slunk away behind his master, for the mystical spirit had left him.

"The lady was, however, frightened, and going towards the lad, craved to know wherefore he had made such an unearthly outcry; and, after a time, the trembling thing declared that he saw a bloody dirk sticking in the skirt of the surcoat. On hearing which, the Lady Dirlton controlled her Lord to put it from him, and he gave it to Sir David de Hepburne; and the very next night, when Sir David was going from the castle to North Berwick, in the glimpse of the setting moon, some secret enemy of the Earl stabbed him in the side; aye, just where the tailor's prentice thought he saw the bloody rent o' the visionary dagger."

Of the author's powers in pathos the following is a proof. Anniple is being consulted as an oracle by Robert Stuart:

"Before he had left the hovel ten or twelve paces, she started out, and drawing the blanket-mantle close around her with one hand, she ran after him, and seized him by the skirt of the surcoat with the other, addressing him with a soft and earnest solicitude,—

"There's a cross and cloud in thy lot, Robin Stuart, There's a light in a bowler to beguile, Robin Stuart; There's death aye and three,—and a ship on the sea; But the flower in the ha' I would fain wise awa; For the dule it will bring upon thee, Robin Stuart."

The slow and tender pathos with which she delivered this mystical jargon, moved him to regard her with a compassionate contrition, and he said, with much gentleness in his voice, 'Poor thing; it is ill to redd thy ravelled fancies; but I will order thee to be better heeded hereafter.'

"It's kindly thought and softly said," replied Anniple; 'but who should care for me? When the fairies made me up o' a benweed, and laid me among the tow for the weaver's wife's bonny lassie bairn, I was a thing made to suffer aversion. Therefore it is that all Christian creatures hate me;—that folks flee frae the sight o' me;—that wives draw in their weans and shut their doors when I gang by;

—that I maun eat beans frae the shawp, and corn frae the stalk;—that the wicked rain pursues me, and the cruel hail pelts me;—that the cold wind bites me, and the fire-flaughts flash on me. There was a wee white lambie playing beside its mother, on a bonny green knoe. It was an innocent thing, and I thought it looked kindly at me, which never man nor womankind had done; but when I gaed to warm it in my arms, it too was frightened, and ran bleating away. All living creatures see and ken, that I'm a thing the holy Heavens had no hand in the making o'. I wish that the weaver's wife's wean were dead in the fairy-land, that I might lie on the loan what I am, a weed to be trampled on.'

"Stuart was melted to sadness by the wailing simplicity of this complaint of her abject estate."

The bagpipe music is whimsically but originally illustrated:

"When the Lord James entered, preceded by the Bishop, and followed by the chieftains, there was, for joy, a skirling and screaming of bagpipes, dreadful to hear and wonderful to tell, as if the vehement pipers had each aneath his arm some desperate beast of prey, in the pangs and anguish of being squeezed to death."

The Countess's moralizing on the sack of Dumbarton is an unsuccessful attempt at style; and we prefer the following picture of the heroine, when the Duke of Albany, his two sons, and the Earl of Lennox, are doomed:

"In the meantime, Sibilla had retired into the obscure corner of the chamber and sat down; but, though thirsting to know the doom of the prisoners, her will was fettered as with the incubus of the nightmare, and her spirit appalled with fantasies more dismal than the unblest imaginings of a guilty conscience, and she remained as still as an alabaster effigy on a tomb."

"In this woeful state, she heard a universal rustle from the multitude, as if a sudden gale had passed over the leafy boughs of a wide forest: the light of a torch from the court below then flashed against the ceiling of the room. A low and smothered noise and whispering arose, and a sound of many feet moving slowly onward. She listened—at that moment the tolling of a bell made her start from her seat—she rushed to the window—she could discern nothing distinctly, but there were torches, and soldiers, and spears glimmering, and here and there a face fearfully brightened by the glare of the torches. Yet she could see that all was moving forward, like the waters of the river's tide in the darkness and solemnity of the night. And anon she beheld, in the gloom, a sullen and terrible form walking alone, as if eschewed by all, and his arms were bare to the shoulder, and he carried a gleaming axe. Then came a youth of a noble air and haughty carriage, whom she soon discovered to be the Lord Alexander. He, too, was alone; and the soldiers that lined the way followed him with admiring eyes as he passed. The next that came was Duke Murdoch, leaning on the arm of Bishop Wardlaw; and they passed, and then there was a void for some time; but soon a mournful breathing of compassion was heard, and the guards fell backward, and turned aside their heads to shun the sight that was coming. Sibilla darted towards it a fearful momentary glance, and she saw an old palsied hand, bearing a crucifix, coming tottering forward.—It was the aged Earl of Lennox, accompanied by a priest, whose arm

he grasped for support, as with feeble and faltering steps he passed slowly along.

"Sibilla was so melted by the sad sight, that she wrung her hands, and ran into the farthest corner of the chamber and wept. And when the violence of this grief abated, she returned to the window; and opened the casement, and listened with an eager ear. All was silent—then a low murmuring rose from the multitude beyond the walls—again there was a sudden silence, and then she heard the fall of a heavy stroke. An awful moan followed, and the echoes that dwell in the abbey-craigs, and in the valley and the cliffs of Demiet, suddenly responded to the sound. Then a dreadful voice made proclamation of some terrible event, but the tenour thereof she could not hear, nor was there any response.

"The bell tolled again, and again there was silence, and a second stroke fell more heavily than the first, and the dreadful voice again made proclamation.

"Again the bell tolled, and then there was a rushing sound as of parting waters, in the midst of which Sibilla heard the death-axe fall a third time; but when the voice of the executioner began again to make proclamation, a shriek so wild, so howling, and so full of sorrow, arose from the multitude, that she felt as if the very earth shuddered at the sound, and, swinging powerless from her hold, sank to the floor in a swoon."

With one relieving example of the pastoral we shall shut the book.

"The anguish of that grief, however, soon subsided into the melancholy calm which had become almost the habit of her mind, and she sat down on a rock close by the brim of the lake, and, resting her cheek on her hand, awaited the return of her errand. There was indeed a soft and consolatory spirit abroad over all nature at that time, and its soundless tranquillity was in unison with the meditations of the weary heart.

"The day was grey, still, sober, and mild, without sunshine or shower; the winds were asleep, and almost also the waters;—the birds were mute, but not with sullenness, and they shook the crystalline drops from the imperaled leaves, as they busily pruned their wings, like gentle villagers preparing for church in the holiness of the Sabbath morning. The skies were not darkened with any cloud, but the mountain tops were hid in a resting mist, that hung like a canopy, lowered almost to the tufty hills of the little islands in the lake. It was a morning, when the lowing of cows and the bleating of lambs heard afar off, mingling with the bark of the shepherd's dog, seem tuned and musical;—when doves coo on the window-sills of the solitary maiden, who never listened to any other note of love, and who feeds them with crumbs treasured from her frugal supper;—when daisies lift not their golden eyes, but hang their heads, as if drowsy with some delicious excess;—when bees pass from bloom to blossom in silence;—when the dumb butterfly, that never spreads his wing but to the sun, rests as quiet as the pea-flower on its stalk under the leaf that he has made his canopy;—and when the voiceless snail, in his satin doublet, stretches his eyehorns from side to side on the dewy sward, as if he wist not where to taste first, like a sable-vestured clerk at a banquet: in sooth, a season of quietude and calm, when wary grimaldin, looking out at the cottage door, and fain to pass to her lair beneath the bushes,

often puts forth her foot to feel if indeed the soft air be too moist for her furred delicacy."

It is to be lamented that an author who can reach this quality, should ever write for quantity.

Tears for Pity. By W. Barrett Marshall. 8vo. pp. 102. London 1823. Cadell.

PERHAPS Genius never takes a shape more strange and crude than it does in the first conceptions of a young poet: a vain, delicate, and irritable feeling,—how much experience is required to check its vanity, and how much study to prune its luxuriance. Mr. Marshall's production has the faults and beauties of a first work: not one of its ten sketches but is an interesting, nay, an affecting subject; yet not one of them but is disfigured by strange expressions, phrases absolutely absurd, and words any thing but poetical. At every page we feel anxious to remind the writer, that the Muses are like other pretty women, utterly spoiled by affectation. Mr. M. has, however, corn enough in his bushel to make us think that parting the chaff from the grain will be no unprofitable task. To begin with the chaff, which we shall set in a heap by itself as an example: what opinion would be formed of a poet whose specimens were all like the following passages?—such as "Beauty's skeleton," "In pain's grief drapery," or "A grave where cannibals vermicular await," "Hair, made curl by hand of love," "Christ on his amber throne," "One curl like solstice at the pole," (alluding, we suppose, to the late fashion of one love-lock in the middle of the forehead,) "A fondness brimming mother," "So crowslip like a countenance," "Death king Anthropophagus," &c. &c. These are not "the silver-voiced tones of poetry," but "most harsh discord." But, worst of all, is the frequent use of surgical terms and descriptions: his hero and heroine are very subject to atrophy and epilepsy; such anatomical descriptions as, in speaking of one who cut his throat,

gashes deep and wide
Across his throat, from ear to ear, did yawn;
And these again by other wounds divided,
Wounds, measuring the length from chin to breast
Of his fine, fleshy neck;—his gaping throat
Voiced with ev'ry breath thick clots of blood,
While o'er his lips the stain'd saliva flow'd.

Life left his corpse—he fainted—and had died
But for the Surgeon's saving hand, who stay'd
The unnatural progress of the wayward streams,
Unto their native homes confining them.
That Surgeon, young but gentle-hearted, drew
O'er each divided channel tighten'd cord;
Inclin'd the head, and fasten'd on the chest,
Then clos'd the gaping jaws of each wide wound.

And again, in the narrative of two boys shockingly mutilated in the explosion of a powder magazine, one of whom has his arm amputated in vain. Surely these are not subjects for poetry to revel in, but at once evidence of false taste and false feeling. But enough of the disagreeable part of a critic's office has been performed; we have done as the perplexed husband in the Spectator advises, left our sweetmeats till the last: we shall at first select a phrase, a line, one single epitaph, and our minstrel has many, the very breathings of true poetry. Speaking of a dying girl,

Whose rebel heart pulse is her only pain,
Her cheek has sunk a little, making sign
Of sorrows deeply treasured at her heart,

That dream-like eye,
Darting in death an anxious look at life.
Oh death, oft courted, never loved!

Our limits will not admit of our quoting any of the sketches at full length; but we will take the commencement of one, the subject a dying painter, whose constitution has sunk beneath the wild and voluptuous pleasures in which his genius has sought excitement:

Behold that youth, in mind's idolatry
Bent o'er creations of the pencil art:
Languid and sunk his eyes; the painter's fire,
Erewhile their tenant, dwells no longer there,
To light things present to posterity!
Sick Melancholy o'er his wasted cheeks
Hath spread her livid image; and his frame,
Lank, lean, and wan, a grave's similitude,
Is leaning o'er the portrait of a scene
So wild and fearful, ev'n Savior's self
Might deem its wild sublimity his own!
Look on that scene—'tis one which from a dream
Of golden glory, one effulgent morn
Fancy made captive to her pallet, spread
With ev'ry dye in exhalation's bow;
It tells a tale a poet's eye might love
To live upon.

There in its front, a man
Strives to control the steed he is astride,
Which now is plunging mad, with champing mouth
Foam-fil'd, and nostrils wide with energy;
Seeming resolv'd from its degraded back
To toss its gallant rider o'er the cliff
Some paces forward, of a drunken rock,
Whose rugged front, precipitous, gives birth
To thousand cataracts, which headlong bound
Unsteady, o'er one crag unto another!

Behind the horseman, from a forest's gloom,
The sable hues of whose inhabitants
Heighten the picture's terrible romance;—
As 'twere, to light the wand'rer to his grave!
A star-beam sparkles—or 'tis but, perhaps,
The ray of some night taper in the wood,
Glimmering like the vista gleam of hope,
Too late to save, but not too late to glad.
Around—above—clouds, here with Æthiop face,
There with the thunders their embowel, red;
Through one, in livid forks, the lightnings dart,
Wrapt in another, the cold, callous moon
Smiles on the horrors opening to her sight!
As I have seen, a wretch, pride styleth MAN,
Cast on his brother man the harrowing look
Of apathy, which curses all it meets,
Ev'n while that brother was about to die!
And so I've witness'd Avarice wear the smile
Of bitter scorn; while Genius on a rack
Implor'd a tear! and mark'd, expose that smile,
Joy's brazen counterfeit! to damn the fall'n—
The broken heart to rankle with a thorn—
And, like meridian day-glance on a wreck,
To shine, at once a mock'ry and a bliss.

Lo! how his eye, his parent eye, doth fix
Half dying, half delighted, on the tale
Breath'd from that canvas—now, with happiness
It kindles for a moment—now, for aye
Bathes its affection in a scorching tear.
Why weeps the invalid, that vision o'er?
Across his visage, why thus race the flames
Of passion—mem'ry—anguish, at the flow
Of thoughts, which burn, oppressive as the red
Ægyptian, to the Israelitish host?
Why leans he fainting on that picture's frame,
His temple resting on his hand—his heart
Heaving mute worship, to a God of hands!
He sobs, yet strives concealment of the sob
Whose voice is heard, till deem'd repentant Guilt's!
And why that tear—that sorrow—and that sigh?

Yon is a painter! one of Genius' sons,
With all the imperfections—all the pow'rs,
Genius inherits. He has drunk the fire
Of loveliness intense—from the skies
Pluck'd their cerulean tranquil—the warm tint
Of Sun's refraction, as his beams became
Lock'd in the embrace of Evening—vapours fierce,
Like hostile fleets, manœuvring on the seas—
The billowless seas of space! now, bidding hope
Expect refreshment from their pregnant looks;—
Now, with prophetic darkness, to the eye
Predicting desolation, tempest, storm:—
He has beheld the lightnings fearlessly,
Felt the earth quake, as thunder's bolt approach'd!
Seen mountains fall, and cities cloth'd in flames,
Unmov'd—save with the hope his bosom held,
Of carrying to the tables of his art
Sublimity's resemblances—Beauty's shade.
The first he honour'd—but the last he lov'd!
Fatally lov'd. It was that branching crag
O'er which his uncurb'd passions threw their lord;
While, lone, but lovely ev'n in loneliness,
His native talent shone, a saviour star,
Most like that taper's glimmering, in the gloom
Himself had painted—type of his own doom!

This is a fair specimen both of his defects
and beauties; and had we not thought his
young laurel one of promise, we had not been
thus careful to point to observation the cater-
pillars and withered leaves that disfigure it.
One question, and we have done. Mr. Mar-
shall says of one of his heroines:
She was not tall nor short; but of a height
In which we look for genius among men,
And among women tenderness.

We should like to know precisely how tall
this is, whether five, six, or seven feet?

Of the long preface, or rather essay, which
precedes these poems, we have but little to say:
it is irrelevant and ill-placed, and the author
seems contending against prejudices which do
not exist. We know of no code that places
surgeons on a lower scale, either moral or
intellectual, than their fellow men: in endeav-
ouring to raise them in public opinion, Mr.
Marshall has been fighting with giants, some-
thing like Don Quixotte's windmills. The
other subjects which he undertakes to handle,
are too weighty for him; but he displays
good feelings and intentions, though his Pre-
face had been better if "none at all."

SCHMIDTMEYER'S TRAVELS IN CHILE.

As the year approaches its end, we must,
to make our annual volume complete within
itself, now wind in all our stray and contin-
uous wefts, so that the literary web may be
finished in an artisanlike manner, and a new
tissue of the same pattern be commenced with
and marked "A. D. 1824." Thus the close of
our Review of Mr. Schmidtmeier's Chile is
here given. Respecting the mines in that
country, and the mode of procuring the ore,
we select the following as the most prominent
account:

"We were crossing a stream in a small
lonely valley, when we heard the strokes of
the mattock, and found an old man, a lava-
der, digging and washing for gold: but he
did not appear thriving in his pursuit; no
golden harvest shone on his ragged garments,
nor was there any other indication of reward
for the hard toils, of which his wrinkled
weatherworn face and his exhausted body
manifested the effects. I was told that these
people, taken generally, seldom got more
than a scanty daily subsistence: this, how-
ever, only applies where there is not a proper
distribution of labour; half the time of this

poor man was spent in laying down some
tool and taking another up, and these were
in a bad state. The hope of meeting with a
pepita or lump of gold, sustains the exertions
of the lavadores, and though the wheel of
fortune now seldom realizes that expecta-
tion, yet it never performs its daily rotation
without granting some greater or lesser prize
in the soil. The auriferous earth dug out is
separated from the stones, and put into a
horn or wooden vessel, in which it is stirred
and shaken under a stream of water, a suffi-
cient time to allow the gold alone to remain
at the bottom by its superior weight, and all
other matters to be gradually washed out;
but many of the smaller particles of it like-
wise escape and are lost. Another method
of washing for this metal, which is said to be
better, is by means of an inclined plane, over
which are spread sheep skins, where the
separation is effected. The gold thus got,
which is of great purity, is put into small
bags, and sold to merchants. Less of it is
commonly obtained by washing than by
mining, crushing the ore, and amalgamating
the gold in it with mercury.

"We arrived at Los Hornos, a copper
ingenio or smelting work, where we found
the steward and a dinner. We have already
seen that the selection of a spot fit for work-
ing a copper-mine in this country was not
easy: a vein of ore rich enough and lying
sufficiently near the surface of the ground;
wood and water not too far distant; con-
veyances not too laborious for them, the ore
and the metal; these are the requisites and
advantages which, in this dry land of moun-
tains and bowls, are gradually becoming less
united. I have often heard that with many
mines, the largest portion of the value of the
copper obtained from them was absorbed by
the conveyance alone of wood and water,
chiefly owing to the number of people, and
the many mules and asses, which are required
for this service. A vein of ore which does
not yield above fifty per cent. of copper,
generally offers no inducement to open a
shaft for it.

"The ore is brought out of the mine in
hide boxes, each of which, though of small
weight for one person, requires two men to
load and one to carry: when the ground
admits of it, a hide is loaded, dragged to the
place of discharge and upset. Such are the
means of manual carriage very commonly
used in this country for the most extensive
works and laborious purposes, by which much
time is wasted; and I have not any where met
with a hand-wheelbarrow. The copper ore
is broken, likewise by manual labour, into
pieces of one or two cubic inches, and what
does not appear to hold sufficiently of metal
for rendering it worth smelting is thrown
aside. Unless the furnace be very near the
mine, the broken and selected ore is brought
to it by asses; and if the produce of many
mines be smelted in the same furnace, the
ore from each usually forms distinct heaps
before it, for the purpose of constantly as-
certaining the quantity of copper which they
respectively yield."

The manners and manufactures of the people
will be found illustrated by the subjoined ex-
tracts from various parts of the volume:

"On our return from the vega, at one
o'clock, we found a most splendid dinner
waiting for us. The family Larraín, some
friends and ourselves, made a party of about
fifteen people; and fifty-two different dishes
of soups, fish, meats, poultry, wild animals,

vegetables, jellies, creams, blancmangers, and
many others of refined delicacy, were counted
by my travelling companion, exclusively of
the dessert; a total which we were able after-
wards to prove by recapitulation. The rota-
tion of courses was necessarily brisk and fre-
quent, but its rapidity could not prevent a pro-
digious load of food. Only female servants
wait at table in Chile, and without the display
of any ostentation. Plates are changed with
dishes, as were also, in this instance, silver
knives and forks. There dined in the same
room, and by himself, a kind of jester, a
person of very weak intellects, to and from
whom the greater share of conversation during
dinner was directed and drawn: alternately
frightened, teased and pleased, he cried, was
angry or laughed; and as all these emotions
were natural in him, we found them much
more painful than entertaining. After dinner
coffee and siesta followed; then a ride out;
next abundance of ice-creams, and lastly, a
copious supper. . . .

"Former titles still remain attached to some
elder branches of families and to a few estates
in Chile, but without conferring any political
distinction. In most of the large country
mansions resides a priest, and a small school
is kept, but hitherto more in name than
reality. . . .

"A cloth manufactory has been set up at
Santiago by an ingenious Swiss, assisted by a
skillful mechanic; and after considerable ex-
pense, perseverance and labour, it was to
begin making coarse cloth shortly after my
departure from it. Hemp yarn and cordage
were also made by him, and the scene of
many women and children, employed in that
spot at regular day's work, as in Europe
formed a very new exhibition here: several
of them were occupied in selecting the best
wool from the worst, and I was informed that
they performed readily and well the labour
assigned to them. A carding wheel seemed
to exhibit very considerable workmanship and
skill. . . . An Englishman and a Swede have
set up a small brewery, the whole of which
might almost be lodged in one of the vats of
London brewhouse. A single bag of hops is
the store, which had been imported from Eu-
rope at a considerable cost, was supplying a
few handfuls of its contents to each brewing,
and the beer made here was not yet the brown
stout; but it was tolerably good, and as the
place had been arranged for the reception of
company in a garden, the novelty of the ex-
periment attracted many people.

"Besides the straw hats made and very
generally worn in Chile, there is in Santiago
a manufactory of felt hats of a pretty good
quality, to the improvement of which the New
Shetland seal may now contribute. Woollen
and cotton ponchos are chiefly fabricated in
the southern districts, which cost from four to
above a hundred dollars each. A considerable
quantity of boots and shoes is made here.
Gold and silver are wrought by several smiths
into plate, maté and other pots, candlesticks,
buckles, chains and ornaments of various
kinds. But earthenwares, iron and copper
mongery, many articles of haberdashery,
saddles and bridles, stockings, and coarse
stuffs for dress, are chiefly made in country
towns, or in small farmhouses and ranchos.

"Soap is manufactured in many houses for
private use or for sale; but it is not of a good
quality, and this must be imported. . . .

"A short time before my departure, an event
took place, which deserves the more to be re-

"The eagerness with which some of the latest European customs and fashions are adopted, is only manifested at present in insignificant objects; but the introduction of such as are more useful and interesting may follow. Tea utensils are in some houses replacing *maté* pots: costly British furniture and dresses are readily purchased: writing desks and work boxes are exhibited, which the schools in contemplation will render more useful; and twelve pounds are paid to a foreign tailor of Santiago, who, for that moderate sum, furnishes a coat of the best English cloth and cut! The ladies of Chile are very fond of bathing and riding: many of them are good swimmers, and most good riders. They do not wear bonnets: their hair, very tastily put up with a handsome comb, usually remains bare."

These ladies have periodical institutions for much seriousness, and once or twice a year perform what is called the *exercicio*, a religious exercise, which consists in being shut-up during nine days in houses destined for the purpose, where two or three hundred of the chief young women in the country will meet at the same time, and pass it in devotion; after which they wear an impression of both depth and elevation of thoughts, that are, however, soon afterwards gradually brought again to a more natural level: but they are generally fond of engaging in conversation on religious topics, and display much warmth in them and politics."

From these passages it will appear that Chile is susceptible of immense improvements in every branch whence national prosperity and the amelioration of society can spring. The system of agriculture, the rearing of cattle, the cultivation of the vine, mining, and, above all, the education of the people, would speedily, under a wise and liberal government, entirely alter the face of the country and the character of the inhabitants. Wealth, power, and general and individual happiness, would be the result. Such reflections are powerfully suggested by the volume before us, in spite of its desultory and loose manner—of its indifferently lithographed pictures of things seldom taken on the spot—of its very unsatisfactory details on the important subject of mineralogy,* which

recorded, as it is probably the first of the kind in South America, the starting of a stage-coach with four horses, from Santiago to Valparaiso; of great convenience to many people, whose business occasioned frequent journeys between these two places. Notwithstanding the mountains on the road, the want of trained horses, and of experience in the Chileno postilions, no serious accident had happened during several journeys which had already been performed: and although some loss would be suffered by many people, on that road by this undertaking, yet no mischievous opposition to it had been manifested. A North American, jointly, I believe, with an Englishman, had set up this public coach.

"The first attempt to navigate by steam in South America was made at Rio de Janeiro, in July 1824; and though for a conveyance across the bay in very considerable daily request for passengers and provisions, yet the steam boat has, I understand, been laid down, owing to the extraordinary expense of wood fuel. This difficulty would be found still greater in the river Plate; and to establish a water carriage from Buenos Ayres towards the Andes in that parallel, could only be attempted by the river Tercero, which might probably be easily succeeded with the help of steam."

* *Et. gr.* "In travelling from Coquimbo to Guasco in Chile, we shall have to notice a remark-

the author unluckily did not understand—of its incorrect and sometimes absurd classical allusions and similes—and generally, of notorious faults in composition, and paucity of information in many interesting points of inquiry.

With all these defects and deficiencies, however, our copious reference will show that we consider M. Schmidtmeier's to be an amusing work, and one calculated to be useful at a period when intelligence concerning a new and rising country is so peculiarly valuable to British enterprise.

able rock near the sea, shewing, I think, evidently, the different stages of its formation; and if I durst venture a conjecture from it, on a subject with which I am so little acquainted, it would be, that granite may be found; formed of a due proportion of fragments of sea shells with sand, having undergone an inward process, modified by local circumstances."

BURCHELL'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

AFTER he had reached the borders of the colony, Mr. Burchell pursued his course to the village of Graafvynet. Of his first reception, at the farm of Jacob Van Wyk, he gives a very unfavourable account; and teaches us that the Settlers on the outskirts of the European territories are in hospitality inferior to the savage Bushmen. At the next and other stations, however, the welcome was different, and redeemed the general character of the Dutch Boors. An idea may be formed of the distress to which the author was exposed in travelling, by quoting a description of his sufferings (even within the bounds of the colony) in descending from the Spitskop (Peak,) or highest point of the mountain range, called Sneeuwberg (Snow Mountains.)

"All were now wrapped up in every piece of clothing they possessed; and Rüter had so tied himself up in skins of various sorts and colours, sheep-skins, leopard-skins, and goat-skins, that he looked more like an automaton pile of furs than a man. The rain and mist became colder as we advanced; or rather, we felt it more keenly in proportion as we lost the warmth which we had acquired by the fire-side. The mist penetrated where the rain could not; and every thing was either wet or damp. The cold grew more piercing, and my people more silent and dejected. I endeavoured to keep up their spirits, by assuring them that as soon as we should descend the mountain, we should find fair and warm weather, for we were then among the clouds, or rather, the clouds had sunk upon us. Yet, though much chilled and benumbed, I did not myself suffer so much as my Kafirwater Hottentots: they had long been accustomed only to the warm climate of the Transgariepine, and three of them were, besides, advanced in years, and one of these much enfeebled by age. Speelman and Philip, who, like myself, had been somewhat hardened by constant exposure to every kind of weather, and being, excepting myself, the youngest of the party, were the least of all affected by the cold. The sheep, of which we had only two remaining, and the dogs, began to droop. Still, the hope of soon descending to a lower level gave us courage to go forward."

"In this state we had been travelling about two hours and a half, when Philip, as I was riding in advance, hastily came on to tell me that the people were unable to proceed any farther, and that they were of

opinion that the Bushboy was dying. When I returned, they all declared that they could endure the cold no longer. Old Cobus Berends's countenance was so much changed, and in so weak a voice he told me that the cold had seized his heart, that I really believed, considering his age, that he was struck with death. I had never before thought myself in so serious a situation: the poor little Bushboy who, excepting his kaross, was nearly naked, had seated himself down by the roadside. When I went to him, I found him affected to so alarming a degree, that he had no power either to move or to speak, and his face had assumed that peculiar yellowness which, among blacks, is the visible symptom of either approaching dissolution, or the decay of energy in the vital functions."

"The most distressing reflections crowded on my mind. It appeared that the hand of death lay already upon him. What was I to tell the father at my return! That he had died of cold? This would not have been believed. I should have been accused of being the cause of his death; or of having left him in captivity under some of the boors. My return through the Bushmen's country would be impracticable. Kaabi, and the whole tribe, would have considered me no longer as their friend; but as one who had treacherously deceived them, and betrayed the confidence of a father. The whole plan of my travels was deranged. I could not rejoin my waggons but by making a circuit by the Sack river again, and waiting for some favourable opportunity of crossing the Cisarapine. These sad forebodings rushed upon me, and entirely occupied my mind: they made me forget my own personal feelings, and that every one of my men was now suffering from the severity of the weather."

"We had therefore no alternative but to halt, although in an exposed open place without a tree, or scarcely a bush, that could afford us shelter. While those who were able to move were unloading the oxen, two others went in search of firewood. This spot I have distinguished on the Map by the name of Cold Station: a name which, at this time, was more applicable to it than to any other station in the whole of my travels."

"On account of the rain, which continued falling, and the wetness of our fuel, we found the greatest difficulty in kindling a fire; but the people took care afterwards to supply it with large quantities of wood, so that for some hours it continued to burn in spite of the mist and rain."

"My first concern was to bring the Bushboy to life; for he had no other appearance than that of a dying person. We placed him by the fire, and I wrapped him up in one of my own blankets; but he remained for half an hour completely speechless, and nearly unable to move. He took no notice either of the fire or of any thing around him; and Philip and Speelman repeatedly gave their opinion that he would never speak again."

"I saw that it was necessary to restore the activity of the vital functions; which the cold seemed to have nearly stopped: I was regretting that we had nothing of a stimulating quality to give him, when the recollection of having a bottle of volatile alkali, gave me some hopes. I immediately prepared in water as much as half a tea-spoonful, of as great a strength as could safely be administered."

"It would appear by the use which I made of it, that I regarded this medicine as my

panacea; for I gave a dose to the three old men; and the rest had so much confidence in it, that they were desirous of taking some also; but as I thought they could be restored without its aid, I judged it more prudent to reserve it for those who might have the misfortune to be bitten by serpents. Ruiter suffered almost as much as the boy, and was also speechless: but the warmth of the fire at last re-animating him. Hans Lucas's appearance was most miserable, and Berends's countenance was equally sad; but our Bushman Nieuwveld bore the cold much better than his countryman.

"At length the boy was enabled to move his limbs; he crept nearer to the fire, and in a little time afterwards recovered his speech enough to tell me that the medicine had done him much good. After nursing him for about two hours, I rejoiced to find him sufficiently restored to be able to eat; and in order to fortify him against the night, I desired him to eat a large quantity of food; a request which is never unreasonable to a Bushman. Cobus, and the rest, revived by degrees; but all the party sat over the fire very melancholy and dejected.

"The rain now had ceased for a short time, and the men took the opportunity to cook their dinner, or rather, supper. The apathy or forgetfulness of *Hottentots*, was here well exemplified: they had taken their own meal without ever once thinking of their master, who, in the mean while, had been too much engaged in attending the boy to think of himself. But being reminded by hunger, I ordered Philip to broil a piece of meat, while I sought for a place where I could pass the night: for it was then evening; the clouds had again sunk upon us, and a violent and heavy rain, which ceased not during the whole night, had just commenced. At a little distance from my men, I prepared a spot, by forming a layer of bushes to keep my baggage and bedding from the ground, which, being on a declivity, was deluged with streams of water. As it would have been folly to spread out my bed in such a situation, I seated myself upon my baggage, and held the umbrella over me. I waited for nearly an hour, expecting supper; but nothing was brought. I at length rose, and on going to the fire, found it extinguished, and all my people wrapped up in their karosses for the night. My cook, with true *Hottentot sang-froid*, informed me that the water, which ran down from the higher ground, together with the rain, had washed away the fire before the meat was half broiled. So that, finding this, he had put the chop intended for me upon the bush, and laid down to sleep, without thinking it necessary to put me out of suspense, or to let me know that I was to have no supper that evening.

"I therefore resumed my seat upon the layer of bushes, and covered myself up with my watch-coat. In this situation I passed a miserable night; with a cold rain pouring down from above, and torrents of water running under me. I sometimes fell asleep, but my feet being seized with cramp, I soon awoke again, and had sufficient reason for rejoicing at the return of daylight."

What a striking picture is here presented of African travel! After a violent attack of fever, Mr. B. arrived at Graaffreynet, which is rapidly rising into consequence. Among other singular productions in its vicinity, the "mountains are the native soil of an extraordinary plant, called *Hottentots Brood* (Hot-

tent's Bread.) Its bulb stands entirely above ground, and grows to an enormous size, frequently three feet in height and diameter. It is closely studded with angular ligneous protuberances, which give it some resemblance to the shell of a tortoise. The inside is a fleshy substance, which may be compared to a turnip, both in consistence and colour. From the top of this bulb arise several annual stems, the branches of which have a disposition to twine round any shrub within reach. The *Hottentots* informed me, that, in former times, they ate this inner substance, which is considered not unwholesome, when cut in pieces and baked in the embers. It will easily be believed that this food may not be very unlike the yam of the East Indies, since the plant belongs, if not to the same, at least to a very closely allied, genus; as the membranaceous capsules, with which it was at this time covered, clearly proved."

The oxen having strayed, the *Hottentots* were sent out to find them, and the following remarkable circumstance occurred:—

"One party was sent to explore the mountains; and, as tigers were said to haunt those places, they took the dogs with them for safety. Baboons are also met with here in great numbers; and unfortunately the dogs, through a natural antipathy to this tribe of animals, pursued a small company, which turned upon them, and defended themselves most effectually. They killed one of the dogs on the spot, by biting it through the jugular artery; and another they severely disabled, by tearing a large piece of flesh out of its side, so that a part of the ribs was laid bare."

It is curious, that the famous monkey which was engaged in combats with dogs for the diversion of the refined blackguards of London, was accustomed to kill its adversaries by biting them through the jugular artery. Its savage brethren, it seems, untaught by man, and ignorant of *The Fancy*, resorted to the same fatal mode of attack.—After engaging for his new journey as many *Hottentots* as Graaffreynet could supply, and making the necessary preparations, Mr. Burckell again set out for the border of the colony. The first object of interest on his route was a girl "whose history was interesting, and who was, besides, a surprising *lusus nature*. Her parents were genuine *lulus*, and resided at this farm when she was an infant: on some occasion they went back to their own country, while their child, under pretence of being unequal to the fatigues of the journey, was left at Van Heerden's. But as they never afterwards returned for her, it was supposed that her singular appearance had induced them to desert her. At the time when I saw her, she was sixteen years old, of a very stout make, and of short stature: in which respect she was not different from many Caffre girls, whom I saw about a year afterwards. But the colour of her skin was that of the fairest European; or, more correctly expressed, it was mere pink and white. Or, perhaps it will be more intelligible to a painter, if I describe it as being compounded of pure white and a moderate tint of vermilion, without the admixture of any other colour; and therefore, not strictly to be called the complexion of a European. Her hair was exactly of the same woolly nature as that of her countrywomen, but it was of a singularly pale hue, nearly approaching to that which is termed flaxen. Her features, however, were those of a true Caffre."

Passing the ill-defined boundaries of the co-

lony, the party retraced their steps through the Bushmen's country by Kraaikop's Kraal, &c. towards Klaarwater. Now adventures became more truly African;—but they must remain another week untold.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ROME.

Rome, Oct. 8th 1823.

At the beginning of June, some workmen employed in repairing a drain on the declivity of the Quirinal, towards the Forum Trajani, in the street Di tre Canelli, found an apartment, into which they were able to penetrate to the depth of twenty palms. A window in it was towards S. Apostoli, a door towards Trajan's Forum. Opposite the latter, an opening broken through in more modern times; opposite the former a stair-case, which shows that there has been an upper story. It is affirmed that the floor is found to be on a level with the Forum Trajani. The inscription on a brick, TITV... ARRONIANVS VERO. ET. AN. BIBVLO. COS. points to the year 878 of the city, or to the time of Adrian.

In the month of June also the interior of an ancient Chamber was discovered on the Palatine, in the garden of the Collegio Inglese, toward S. Gregorio; and at the depth of four or five palms, a statue of Minerva, wanting the head and right hand, but in other respects well preserved and of good workmanship. It was also completely finished behind as well as in front. The eyes covered behind with snakes, and before with stars, and the left arm covered by the drapery, in this statue, remind us of similar ones in the Museo Chiaramonte and the Villa Rospigliosi. Not far from the statue lay two elegant Corinthian Capitals, nearly two palms in diameter. Pipes in the walls, and other circumstances, lead us to conjecture that this apartment was used as a warm bath.

Of much greater importance are the discoveries also commenced in June, and which will be zealously prosecuted, of Ruins on the estate of the Canon of Colonna, ten miles from Rome, on the Appian way to the right of the Frattocchie. Very considerable remains of walls and carceres which were remaining of a Circus, 1250 palms long and 200 broad, had been hitherto inconceivably neglected. Remains of the Stage of a Theatre and of a Piacine have likewise been discovered on a more accurate examination. The remains of the Circus still bear the traditional name of La Giostra. The merit of having directed attention to these Ruins, and of ascribing them, with much probability, to the ancient Bovilla, is due to Chevalier Gius. Tambroni, who gives an account of them in the June Number of the *Giornale Arcadico*, and has added the Architectural Illustrations of M. Luigi Pollelli. One of our friends will shortly send you a more particular account.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AT PARIS.

[Concluded from p. 763.]

Astronomy.—M. Gambey has presented to the Academy two new astronomical instruments, constructed on new principles;—a compass of declination, and a heliostat.—M. l'Abbé Halma has published a French translation of the Manual Tables of Ptolemy; and is occupied in researches to show that the antiquity of the Zodiac of Dendera is not greater than that of 364 years before the Christian era.

Mineralogy and Geology.—The loss which the Academy sustained in the death of M. Haüy, occasioned an apprehension that the public might be deprived of the new edition of the work of that illustrious professor on the science which he cultivated with so much success. Happily the whole of the manuscript was prepared. Five volumes have already appeared, and the impression of the sixth and last is going on under the superintendence of M. De Lafosse, one of M. Haüy's most distinguished pupils. M. Constant Prevost has been investigating, mineralogically, the bold rocky shore of Picardy and Normandy, from Calais to Cherbourg.

Vegetable Physics, and Botany.—M. Dutrochet has made some new and exceedingly curious experiments on the direction which the different parts of plants take, when in motion, from the instant of germination to their development.—It is generally imagined that a tree deprived of its bark loses its vegetative faculty. M. Dupetit Thouars has peeled trees for three successive years, and they have sustained no injury. He thinks the elm endures this mutilation best; the oak cannot bear it.—M. Raffenau Delille has described a singular plant of the family of gourds. Its fruit, which is nearly two feet long, and of a proportionate thickness, is covered with a resinous and inflammable powder, that can be scraped off, and seems analogous to the vegetable wax of the *myrica cerifera* of North America, and of the *ceroyrium andicola* in the Cordilleras.—Several numbers of splendid botanical works, by M. de Humboldt and M. Kunth, have appeared.

Physiology.—M. Serghelas has communicated to the Academy the result of experiments which not only confirm generally the absorbent faculty of the veins (doubted by some physiologists,) but prove that certain substances are absorbed only by the veins, or at least, that they are so in greater abundance and more rapidly, than by the lacteal vessels. Various other able physiologists have been investigating different parts of the animal system, especially the nerves; but the description of their labours would be rather too technical for our general readers.

Comparative Anatomy.—M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire's investigations on the subject of monstrosities has led him to extend his researches to the organs of generation in birds; as well as in those of the monotremes, those extraordinary quadrupeds of New Holland, which unite the beak of a bird with the shoulders of a reptile, and respecting which it has hitherto been doubtful whether they are oviparous. M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire determines that they are so.—Messrs. Majendie and Desmoulins have been engaged in similar investigations concerning the lamprey.

Zoology.—A vast number of zoological facts have been communicated to the Academy from different parts of the globe.

Medicine and Surgery. These branches of science have been enriched by many highly important treatises, into any analysis of which, however, it is impossible to enter.

Agriculture and Technology. M. de Humboldt proposes making an attempt to domesticate the Llamas of Peru before transporting them to Europe, where there is every reason to believe they may live without degenerating. M. Lemare has presented to the Academy an apparatus which he calls a Calefacteur, and which may be employed with great advantage for culinary purposes.—Indelible writing ink has become a desideratum, in proportion to

the increasing skill of forgers. A manufacturer at Paris, M. de la Renaudière, has devised one which unites in a great degree all requisite qualities, and which entirely resists the agents commonly employed to alter writings.

[The great utility and importance of these general views of the Circle of the Sciences, and the points which they have severally reached, are so obvious, that while we avail ourselves of the practice of France to frame such a paper as the foregoing for our readers, we cannot but express our hope that some one of the purely scientific publications of England will follow so good an example.]

LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the fourth Ordinary (we by mistake in former Numbers said General) Meeting of the Royal Society of Literature on Wednesday last, another paper, communicated by Mr. Sharon Turner, was read, on the Affinity of Languages. The number Two, as expressed in many ancient and modern tongues, was taken for the illustration of this interesting philological inquiry; and very remarkable analogies and coincidences were pointed out.

A great addition to the list of Candidates was proposed, and those ripe in rotation were balloted for and elected.

OXFORD, Dec. 6.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes for the ensuing year; viz.

For Latin Verses—*Babylon*.

For an English Essay—*Athens in the time of Pericles, and Rome in the time of Augustus*.

For a Latin Essay—*Coloniarius apud Græcos et Romanos inter se Comparatio*.

The first of the above subjects is intended for those gentlemen of the University who have not exceeded four years from the time of their matriculation; and the other two for such as have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—For the best composition in English Verse, not containing either more or fewer than fifty lines, by any Under-graduate who has not exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation—*The Arch of Titus*.

On Tuesday last the following Degrees were conferred:

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. R. Ness, Merton College, and Rector of West Farley.

Masters of Arts.—T. W. Gordon, Exeter Coll.; B. Gosling, and J. H. Hornby, Christ Church; T. A. Boswell, Brasenose Coll.; J. Carr, Fellow of Balliol Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Hopkins, Esq. St. John's Coll., grand compounder; T. Martyn, Queen's Coll.; J. Hardley, St. Edmund Hall; W. Marsh, Magdalen Hall; R. Hall, Ch. Ch.; Rev. T. Comeline, St. Alban Hall; W. Luteyns, G. C. Jordan, and J. G. Lewis, Pembroke Coll.; R. Hathway, Jesus Coll.; R. Clayton, University Coll.; H. H. Holdich, and W. Falconer, Oriel Coll.; F. Dobson, and H. M. Boulbee, Postmasters of Merton Coll.; Fred. F. Edwards, and J. Dayman, Scholars of Corpus Christi Coll.

Dec. 13.—On Wednesday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—R. S. Glynn, and Mayow Short, Students of Ch. Ch.; Rev. L. B. Larking, and J. S. Tucker, of Brasenose Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. B. Cooke, Esq. Ch. Ch. and C. Porcher, Esq. Oriel College, grand compounders; J. Askew, W. F. Audland, and E. Rowlandson, Queen's Coll.; J. Spratt, and J. Chese,

St. Mary Hall; S. L. Pope, Trinity Coll.; P. Ewart, Ch. Ch.; R. Llewellyn, University Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 13.—At a Congregation on Wednesday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. S. E. Batten, Pembroke Hall.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. K. Greetham, Jesus Coll.

Bachelor of Arts.—R. Thompson, Trinity Coll.

FINE ARTS.

The Countess of Liven. A Print engraved by Bromley, after a Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

THIS is one of those rare combinations of talent uniting the utmost grace of composition with the greatest skill in execution, in which the pencil of the artist is most happily expressed by the delicacy of the burin. There is a lightness and a taste in the character of the lines, which show the looseness and freedom of a drawing without the appearance of neglect. We know something of the difficulty of this style of art, that of preserving the beautiful piano tone without the opposition of great depth. There may be those (though we scarce think it possible) who would be ready to break a lance in favour of the Antwerp Beauty; but for our own part we should not hesitate to take the field against all comers, whether French, German, or Italian, on the part of the beautiful Countess and this fair specimen of British Art.

The Spanish General Riego.

An indifferent lithographic print, by Maenza, of the late General Riego has been published by W. J. Partridge; and it is stated to us, on the authority of his brother, to be a very correct likeness. If so, the countenance is by no means a noble one; and there is nothing in the head or expression which would make either a good picture or fine statue. Poor Riego played his part, and not thriving in it, suffered as a traitor. In the Corporation of London, a motion was made for erecting a monument in the British metropolis to his memory; but it was lost, and we are not the more sorry to record this fact, since any work of Art for perpetuating his resemblance must have been an anomaly in our public edifices of this kind, and foreign in its appearance and effect. The widow of this unfortunate person (also his niece, for, according to a Spanish custom, he married his nephew's widow) is now among us, and a much more interesting object for the exercise of English generosity.

Portraits of Eminent Foreign Composers.

T. Boosey & Co.

Musical, it is probable, will be a prevalent fashion during the ensuing winter. Rossini with his new Operas, and the novelties at the King's Theatre, must give that science an impulse, and we trust, an uplifting. It was therefore a good time for the publication of a Work like the present, which consists of Portraits of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Hummel, and Moschelles. Of the likenesses we cannot judge. Haydn's is a Cicero-looking head and bust, with an appearance of senility, especially about the under lip. The delightful Mozart has an uncommon expression, with indications of sensibility and genius; Beethoven an Austrian countenance, with power in the forehead and eyes. Rossini's is an odd foreign cast, more French than Italian; Hummel, a plain old man; and Moschelles much larger than he really is. The first three are engraved by T. Blood; the last three drawn on stone by Gaul. They are separable

for those who wish individuals and not the whole number.

Portraits of The King, and of Lord Byron, of a new kind of art, have been produced by Mr. Thompson, whose beautiful Medallion Wafers have attracted so much notice. These are pressed or struck out of coloured paper by a Die, and come into very fine and hold relief, resembling the highest order in wax or other solid material. The effect is extremely good, and the Portraits expressive as well as curious. We do not know whether the method is original or borrowed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETIC SKETCHES.

Fourth Series.

SKETCH VI.—THE SAILOR.

Oh gloriously upon the deep
The gallant vessel rides,
And she is mistress of the winds,
And mistress of the tides.
And never but for her tall ships
Had England been so proud;
Or before the might of the Island Queen
The Kings of the earth had bowed.
But, alas! for the widow and orphan's tear,
When the death flag sweeps the wave;
Alas, that the laurel of Victory
Must grow but upon the grave!

An aged Widow with one only child,
And even he was far away at sea:
Narrow and mean the street wherein she dwelt,
And low and small the room; but still it had
A look of comfort; on the white-washed walls
Were ranged her many ocean treasures—shells,
Some like the snow, and some pink, with a blush
Caught from the sunset on the waters; plumes
From the bright pinions of the Indian birds;
Long dark sea weeds, and black and crimson berries,
Were treasured with the treasuring of the heart.
Her Sailor brought them, when from his first voyage
He came, so sunburnt and so tall, she scarce
Knew her fair stripling in that manly youth.
Like a memorial of far better days,
The large old Bible, with its silver clasps,
Lay on the table; and a fragrant air
Came from the window: there stood a rose tree—
Lonely, but of luxuriant growth, and rich
With thousand buds and beautifully blown flowers:
It was a slip from that which grew beside
The cottage, once her own, which ever drew
Praise from each passer down the shadowy lane
Where her home stood, the home where yet she
thought

To end her days in peace; that was the hope
That made life pleasant, and it had been fed
By the so ardent spirits of her Boy,
Who said that God would bless the efforts made
For his old mother.—Like a holiday
Each Sunday came, for then her patient way
She took to the white church of her own village,
A long five miles; and many marvelled one
So aged, so feeble, still should seek that church.
They knew not how delicious the fresh air,
How fair the green leaves and the fields, how glad
The sunshine of the country to the eyes
That looked so seldom on them! She would sit
Long after Service on a grave, and watch
The cattle as they grazed, the yellow corn,
The line where yet her home might be; and then
Return with lightened heart to her dull street,
Refreshed with hope and pleasant memories,
Listen with anxious ear to the conch shell,
Wherein they say the rolling of the sea
Is heard distinct, pray for her absent child,
Bless him, then dream of him.
A shout awoke the sleeping Town, the night

Rang with the Fleet's return and victory!
Men that were slumbering quietly, rose up [lights,
And joined the shout; the windows gleamed with
The bells rang forth rejoicingly, the paths
Were filled with people; even the lone street
Where the poor widow dwelt, was roused, and sleep
Was thought upon no more that night. Next day—
A bright and sunny day it was—high flags [hung
Waved from each steeple, and green boughs were
In the gay market-place; music was heard,
Bands that struck up in triumph; and the sea
Was covered with proud vessels; and the boats
Went to and fro the shore, and waving hands
Beckoned from crowded decks to the glad strand
Where the wife waited for her husband,—maids
Threw the bright curls back from their glistening eyes
And looked their best,—and as the splashing oar
Brought dear ones to the land, how every voice
Grew musical with happiness!

And there
Stood that old Widow woman with the rest,
Watching the ship wherein had sailed her Son.
A boat came from that vessel,—heavily
It toiled upon the waters, and the oars
Were dipp'd in slowly. As it neared the beach,
A moaning sound came from it, and a groan
Burst from the lips of all the anxious there,
When they looked on each ghastly countenance,
For that lone boat was filled with wounded men,
Bearing them to the hospital,—and then
That aged Woman saw her Son. She prayed,
And gained her prayer, that the might be his nurse,
And take him home. He lived for many days.
It soothed him so to hear his mother's voice,
To breathe the fragrant air sent from the roses,
The roses that were gathered one by one
For him by his fond parent nurse; the last
Was placed upon his pillow, and that night,
That very night, he died! And he was laid
In the same church-yard where his father lay,—
Through which his mother as a bride had pass'd.
The grave was closed; but still the Widow sat
Upon a sod beside, and silently,
(Hers was not grief that words had comfort for.)
The funeral train pass'd on, and she was left
Alone amid the tombs; but once she looked
Towards the shadowy lane, then turned again,
As desolate and sick at heart, to where
Her help, her hope, her Child, lay dead together!
She went home to her lonely room. Next morn
Some entered it, and there she sat,
Her white hair hanging o'er the withered hands
On which her pale face leant; the Bible lay
Open beside, but blistered were the leaves
With two or three large tears, which had dried in.
Oh, happy she had not survived her child!
And many pitied her, for she had spent
Her little savings, and she had no friends;
But strangers made her grave in that churchyard,
And where her Sailor slept, there slept his Mother!

L. E. L.

CARMEN NATALE.

'Tis come—thefulness of that promise'd hour,
When Woman's seed shall break the Serpent's
pow'r;
'Tis come—the time by prophecies foretold,
When He, whose goings forth were from of old,
Should leave his Throne of Majesty on high,
With Man to sojourn, and for Man to die!
Hark! the glad hour attesting Seraphs hail,
And songs of triumph swell the midnight gale,
Heaven's choral host to human sight appears,
And strains angelic burst on human ears!

See! in the East his herald Star arise!
Type of that light desired by Israel's eyes:
Led by this guide, their gifts the Magi bring,
And, Hail'n-instructed, hail their infant King!

What though a manger is his earthly throne,
Yet, strong in faith, the Godhead veil'd they own;
There, at EMMANUEL's feet is incense pour'd,
And there the INCARNATE GOD is first ador'd.

What precious gifts attend the God-born Child!
Opposing claims in Him are reconciled:
Through Him each jarring attribute shall meet
In perfect love—in harmony complete!
Mercy and Truth are knit in firm embrace;
Justice, appeas'd, now shares her throne with Grace:
On Him the iniquity of all is laid;
By Him the price of our redemption paid;
By Him the fetter'd Captive is unchain'd,
Deliverance won, and Paradise regain'd.

Rejoice, ye ransom'd! You your God hath freed
From pains pronounced, from penalties decreed;
The Grave he vanquished with exulting wing,
And wrung from Death its triumph and its sting.
Pour forth your notes of praise; be glad, O Earth!
And tell the blessings of a Saviour's birth!
By every nation and by every tongue,
The joyful song of the Redeem'd be sung.
Oh, if the choral melodies above
Peal the loud anthem of forgiving Love,
To "Man forgiven" belongs a grateful strain,
Which guiltless Seraphs may attempt in vain;
No pardoning love awaits that spotless host—
He who is most forgiven, should love and praise
the most. J. S.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.*

"The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor treat him as a stranger,
For still he'll prove his country's stay
In every hour of danger."

— "FAITH, but your honour's mighty
condescending to listen to the chattering of
old Pat. Fifty years have marched off
under General Time since I first shoulder'd
the firelock, and now I'm daily expecting
the route (for my billet is nearly expired)
to assemble for the grand review before the
Sarcher of all hearts. Arrah, many's the
time and oft I've wished for some kind friend
that I might spake a word to, and unburthen
my sinful heart. Oh, Sir, when I've stood
sentry all alone by myself in the dark nights
in Ameriky and Spain, and in dear little
Ireland too, I've thought, Arrah, Paddy, but
you're a big blackguard, so you are, for run-
ning away from your own mother that's
dead and gone, without so much as seeing
her decently laid under the turf. If she had
been alive it would have broke her heart, so
it would, to think how her own beautiful
Paddy should desert her in time of need, and
not stop to see her waked. But bad man-
ners to that same Sargeant Linstock—he
laugh'd at poor Pat, and march'd us off with-
out bafe of drum, saying, she would never
wake again; for I must be after telling you
that there was a recruiting-party came down
to the fair, and so they pick'd me out as the
most likely lad on the sod; and indeed, your
honour, there was 'ot many in those days,
though I say it myself, that dared tread on
my great coat, or call my stick a rascal. But
they got me, into a state of tistication, and
chated me by slipping the King's countenance
into my job when I knew nothing about it at
all at all; and they swore I had listed wil-
lingly, and had taken the picture myself,

* Our friend the Old Sailor seems to have pro-
voked an Old Soldier to competition; if both ul-
forms do not belong to the same person. We care
not, and hope our readers will like both the blue
and the red.—Ed.

Oh, by my conscience, didn't I get into a thundering rage, sure!—not that I minded serving His Majesty, heaven bless the heart of his soul that's in t'other world! but I thought it wasn't trating me handsome, your honour, to trap me into it—'twas not behaving jontee! But I found 'twas of no use to complain, so I went to bid poor mother good bye, and she'd just breath enough left to tell me not to disgrace the country that gave me birth. 'Arrah, Paddy, (says she,) my own dare Paddy that I loved so tenderly, and used to get the but—but—but—butter-milk and pr—pr—pratees for!' Oh, Sir, 'tis a big shame to see a soundger cry; but when I think of the dare soul and the buttermilk, how can I help it? 'Never dishonour your cloth, Paddy, (says she,) nor the King you serve, or the father that begot you, but show the world that the family of the O'Dogherty's were born to be jontlemen. Fight in a just cause; and when the vanquish'd cry for quarter, unlock the heart and spare the hand. Protect the innocent, and do your duty like a man.' Then there was poor Norah. Oh, your honour, I thought it would have broken my heart to see how the tears chased each other down her pale face! 'And why will you leave me, Paddy, (says she,) all alone by myself? Oh look at our cottage and the peat-stack—where will you find the like of it in another country, Paddy? Then there's the bit of a bog there yonder for the pigs and the geese, and your own dare Norah and the pratee-garden. Oh, why will you go, Paddy, and leave me alone by myself? And then, your honour, I put my arms round her neck, (for I couldn't spake a word,) and pressed and kissed her while we cried together. Oh, your honour, I never felt before nor since as I did at that same moment! But then Mr. Sarjant must have his say—divel twist him to the right-about round the rim of the moon for a field-day!—God forgive me that I should have unchristian feelings 'twixt us, even the vilest of his creatures. 'Come, come, young man, (says he,) fall into the ranks, and march; you'll soon find prettier girls to lead a wild-geese chase.' Bad manners to him for that same, to make my own dare Norah believe that her Pat would lverence to lover as his own heart's blood; so I up and told him I didn't like to be made game of. 'Well, well, (says he,) I suppose an honest soundger may have a kiss.' 'Arrah, dress back to the rear, (says I,) Mr. Sarjant, for by my soul if you lay but one of your thieving-looks upon a digit of her corporal substance, faith but I'll brake my arm across your face, so I will.' Well, your honour, and so he persisted in that same, and catch'd hold of her gown. Oh, 'twas more than jontee blood could brook! 'Lay there, (says I,) jewel,' and so I stretch'd him along upon mother earth before he could say Whack. And then they put the iron mittens on me, and tore my kvate love away. I thought my brain would have crack'd; and so they took me before old Justice Balfin's goal, and poor Pat was committed for a rogue and a vagabond for nothing at all at all, and march'd off for Cork under a military guard, and put into jail. A few days afterward, and the transports were going to sail, so they trotted me down to the beach, and there I found a great many more like myself. Well, just as I was stepping into the boat, I heard the swate voice of my own dare Norah, and so I stepp'd back again. Jump into the boat, you mu-

tinous rascal,' says the Sarjant.—'Rascal yourself, (says I,) Mr. Sarjant. Do you think his honour'd Majesty, God bless him! would refuse me one last embrace from the dare crature that I broke the bit o' gold with? Arrah be aisey, and paws off!' for they began to handle me again, your honour. 'Let the poor fellow alone, (said the Midship-mite of the boat)—let him alone to spake to the girl.'—'God bless you, young jontleman (says I) for that same! May your father niver have to sorrow over your mother's son! And so poor Norah came to me, but I couldn't throw my arms round her neck now, your honour, for the bracelets they clapp'd upon my wrists; but she stoop'd down and got between them, and we were fold'd to each other's hearts. Oh, Sir, I feel it at this moment, and hope you won't think the worse of poor Pat for the drop in his eye. Well, we were obliged to part. 'Oh, (says she,) Paddy, niver forget your country or your Norah!' and bad luck to me, your honour, if ever I did. And she waved her apron till I saw her out of sight, and then I could have laid down and died. 'Niver forget your country or your Norah,' were her last words, and they have ever been engraven on my heart, by the same token that Corporal Flannagan, who had received a 'varsity education, where he was brought up to run errands and clane shoes, composed the beautifullest song. Oh, your honour, it would do your heart good to hear it. Faith and it's here; I've got it along with the bit of broken gold and a lock of my own darling's hair, all black and shining. Oh they're a rich treasure to poor Pat! My hair was like it once, but now my head is silvered over with the snow of age; but my heart is as warm as iver, and melts with tenderness spite of the frost of adversity that has so often nip'd it. Would your honour like to read that same, or shall I read it to you? Oh, I can repeat it by heart, for sure it's always laying next to it.

'Dear land of my fathers! their glory and pride,
Who fought for their homes, and in freedom's
cause died, [spot,
The hallow'd green turf-mound marks each sacred
And their spirits still cry, 'Let us ne'er be forgot!
Forget you? Ah never! while Shannon's stream
flows,
And Liberty's tree on dear Erin's land grows
To yield us shilalas to lather our foes,
Will Paddy forget you—ah never!

'Your lovely green meadows all sparkling with dew,
Where Norah first met me, how dear to my view!
Remembrance now pictures the sweet little cot,
And I hear her last words, 'Let me ne'er be forgot!
Forget you? Ah never! though now far apart,
Still faithful and honest shall be this poor heart,
Till life's latest breath from my lips shall depart,
Can Paddy forget you? Ah, never!

"There, your honour, what do you think of that for a composition? Oh sure it's a sublimity, and bates your criticals and your madrigals, your odds and your sonnets, all to nothing. Will Paddy forget you? Ah never! But to make the long of the short of it, and go on with my story, I was sent aboard of a transport, and next day we sail'd with the rest for the West Indies; and all the passage out I was drill'd morning, noon, and night, till I was as thin as a pratee-dibble—marching and countermarching between two guns on the deck that weren't more nor six feet asunder; and what with the sea-sickness and the drilling, and six

upon four,* I was almost dish'd by the time we got to Jem-ake-he, where they make negurs of the poor blacks. Well, many years after this, the regiment was order'd to the River Plate, and so we landed in Maldonado Bay, and took the island of Goreita. Oh, your honour, it made my heart ache to see the poor souls lie bleeding on the ground, and to be obliged to stick my bayonet into the breast of a fellow-crature! But I thought of my old mother's advice, sure—'Do your duty like a man.' After this we sail'd up to Monte Video; and I shall never forget to remember that same, when we storm'd the breach over a scaling ladder of dead bodies, that came tumbling down upon us as fast as we could get up. Bye and bye somebody fetches me the terriblest poke of the scone! it made the light dance in my eyes like sparks from a sky-rocket; and who should it be but my old friend Sargeant Linstock, sure, as dead as a red-herring, your honour. 'Long life to you, jewel, (says I,) for taking yourself out of the way so dacently!' but my heart smote me as soon as I had said it. Shame to you, Paddy, (thought I,) to rejoice in the downfall of any man; you don't know how soon it may be your own turn; and it struck me all of a heap, so I stood stock still. 'On, on, my brave fellows!' roared somebody in the rear, giving me a prick in the netherlands with a bayonet; it made me jump like a billy-goat, and so I rushed on, headed by our brave Captain, and we enter'd the town. Well, there was a comical fellow of the name of Taylor (he was a sailor commanding a little brig) advanced with us, having a bag of union-jacks over his shoulder to hoist upon the batteries. When we got into the great square, old Elio, the Governor, stood ready to receive us; so we charged, and Taylor, running on, knock'd him down with the bag of jacks; and after that, oh 'twas all dickey with 'em. 'Arrah, Paddy, what booty have you got?' says Corporal Blacketer. 'Sorrow the scurragh!' says I. 'Och hone to your heart, look here!' says he; and so, your honour, he turns round upon his back, and puts his hand into his haversack, and pulls out a little silver image that I knew at first glance was St. Peter. 'Oh you tref of the world, (says I,) what, rob a church!'—'No, no, (says the Corporal,) I had him from an honest priest to redeem his corpus any-mule-he from danger. And see here (opening his cartouche-box, and showing another) and here (tapping his knapsack, that bulk'd out)—see here, I've got all the Saints in the Calendar dacently buckled up—faith, here 's enough to make an Almanack!' But what pleased me most was the good cheer we met with after our long voyage: I'll engage we wasn't long getting the camp-kettles to work. Oh there was beef and mutton for picking up, and turkeys and chickens enough to stock all the uphoisterers in the United Kingdom. Oh, your honour, didn't we live like fighting-cocks, sure! Faith, but there's ration-time, and so I must bid you good day. I hope no offence, but I should be proud to do myself the honour of your acquaintance, so I would; and if you could make it convenient to give poor Pat a call now and then, arrah 'twould cause joy to dance in his heart, and pleasure would stretch out the wrinkles in his wither'd countenance. Long life to your honour, and may God bless you!

* Six upon four.] When provisions run short, six men are placed upon four men's allowance.

The veteran rose from his seat, gave his hand a military flourish to his hat, drew himself up to his extreme height, and march'd off, in ordinary time, to dinner. Being an old trooper myself, with all its prejudices and partialities, I have taken the liberty, Mr. Editor, to send you the above Sketch from life, knowing the satisfaction you find in contemplating a picture of originality. Should it be deem'd worthy of insertion in the *Literary Gazette*, it will be an inducement to send occasionally one or two from the same source. Believe me most respectfully yours,

CORNELIUS BUFFSTICK.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

At this Theatre, Braham and Miss Stephens have repeated *Henry Bertram* and *Lucy*, and *Orlando* and *Florella*. They have likewise performed *Hawthorn* and *Rosetta*, and all to crowded houses; and *The Cataract*, as the Manager tells us, overflows nightly.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE new Tragedy of *The Vespers of Palermo*, from which we made some copious extracts in our last Number, was performed at this Theatre on Friday week, and met, we regret to say, with an unfavourable reception from the public. The principal causes of its failure may be attributed to a want of interest in the development of the plot, and a want of passion in the characters who are employed in carrying on the business of the Drama. In other respects it possesses many qualifications that entitle it to praise. The language is, generally speaking, of a very superior order; and we could point out many passages that are by no means inferior to the best efforts of the most gifted poets of the age. But in a Theatre, poetry alone has little influence. A mixed audience will soon grow weary even of the happiest descriptions; and to be successful upon the Stage, the feelings must be aroused, the mind kept in continual agitation, and the eye gratified as frequently, or perhaps much more so than the ear:

"Segnius irritant animos dismisit per aurem

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

Many of the situations, however, were extremely good, particularly *Procida's* first meeting with his son—the assembly of the conspirators and the murder of *Eribert* at the marriage festival. The condemnation of *Raimond*, in the fourth act, was not so good: it was merely a scene of altercation between the father and the son; and the catastrophe was by far too bloody and destructive, two characters only, we believe, surviving at the falling of the curtain. But if such were its deficiencies, as an acting Play, we must also observe that, as an acted Play, it had many disadvantages to contend against. Miss Kelly, who last year came out in *Juliet* with considerable promise, has carefully retained all the bad points in her style of acting, and discarded all the good ones. Her familiarity upon the present occasion overstepped all the boundaries of tragic declamation: she gave the most ludicrous turn possible to almost every line she had to utter; and by her absurdity completely marred many scenes that would have been otherwise extremely affecting. Her motto literally seems to be, "Be thou familiar, and by all means vulgar." Yates too, who should never appear out of broad farce, had a part assigned him of a nobleman, whose wife and children have been murdered by the Viceroy's orders, and who, in consequence, breathes

nothing but fury and revenge; and here again, though not to the same excess, the same ludicrous effect was produced. Now all this is very hard upon the poor authoress, and we do not see the necessity of the Play having been so cast. Of the other performers, it gives us pleasure to speak in terms of high commendation. Young took a vast deal of pains with his part, and played with considerable energy: his making himself known to his son in the first act was in his best manner, and his signing the death-warrant in the fourth equally powerful and effective. C. Kemble, though not quite so perfect as usual, gave nevertheless a very able delineation of the youthful patriot, and expressed most happily the effects arising from the love of his country and the love of his fair mistress—the two passions that were alternately striving for the mastery over his young and ardent mind. Mrs. Bartley and Bennett were likewise quite at home in their respective parts; and evidently did their best. There was a tolerable Prologue, which was well delivered by Abbott, but the Epilogue was a most miserable affair; and although the old theatrical inscription of "Veluti in speculum" was restored to the proscenium on purpose to form the subject of it, yet was it altogether so vapid and devoid of talent, that we should take it to be twin brother to that which followed the performance of *Gracchus*: the jests appeared to bear the same impress, and to be derived from the same source; the best of them was a bad pun about *Procida* and *Prosydy*. Apropos of prosody,—if epilogue writers give ladies Latin phrases to speak, we think it would be as well to teach them the proper quantity of the words they have to deliver; that is, if they know it; if not, we will take the liberty of informing the sagacious writer, whoever he may be, that the *u* in *Veluti* is always short, and that one Virgil, a poet who lived in what is called the Augustan age of Roman literature, settled this matter in the following line:

"Ac veluti lentis Cyclopes fulmina massis."

There has been a revival of *The Lord of the Manor* at this House, but without any particular novelty in the cast; and we should not have noticed it, but to record the very kind and condescending behaviour of Miss Paton, who insisted upon singing one of her songs three times over, in spite of the sprained ankle with which she was afflicted, and the most earnest entreaties upon the part of the audience that she would spare herself the pain and exertion it must put her to, to give so many repetitions of it. This lady's obliging disposition we have before had occasion to remark; and however amiable and praiseworthy it may be, yet we really fear that if she goes on as she has lately done, that she will do herself some serious injury. Her voice, from being so continually exercised, may possibly (we dread the event)—may possibly one day lose some portion of its sweetness; and then what will become of all the lovers, noble and ignoble, whom her panegyrist described as persecuting her to death with their assiduities? *Rosamond's Pond* and the *New River* never would contain one half of them. We supplicate her, therefore, to be a little more attentive to her health, as more lives than her own depend upon the preservation of it.

The public will hear with much regret, that owing to some misunderstanding with the Management, the admirable comic talent of Mr. Munden has been kept several weeks off the stage. We trust, for the sake of all parties,

and still more for the sake of the Drama, that this state of things will not be suffered to last longer.

VARIETIES.

Another overland Expedition in North America, to be entrusted to the command of Captain Franklin, is spoken of.

The account of Mr. Bullock's travels and discoveries in Mexico, will probably appear early in Spring, under the title of "Six Months in Mexico." At this epoch it is especially calculated to be a very popular work.

M. Cailliand's *Travels in Nubia* have been honoured with a most flattering Report from the Commission appointed by the Ministers of the Interior to inquire into the subject of his discoveries, &c. They will be published in three octavo volumes, with 140 plates.

La Bilancia, a new weekly periodical, devoted to the criticism of Theatrical Music, in Italian and English, is announced to commence in January.

There is announced for publication next month, a series of small highly-finished Engravings of Grecian Scenery, by H. W. Williams, Esq. Edinburgh. The work is proposed to consist of six numbers, each number to contain six prints, with descriptive letter-press.

Burns Illustrated.—On the 1st of January is announced a Print taken from the Tale of "Tam o' Shanter," being the first of a Series of Engravings from the Poems of Robert Burns, painted and engraved by J. Busrick.

Mr. Fair has in the press a second edition of his treatise on *Scrofula*, explanatory of a method for its complete eradication, &c.

Botany.—An Italian work, published at Naples, gives a catalogue of 3000 plants, chiefly exotic, cultivated at *Boccadifalco*, near Palermo. The author is about to print a *Sicilian Flora*.

A miner of Stafford, of the name of Lovat, has, it is stated, devised means for avoiding the danger of fire-damps in mines, by the introduction of currents of air, and their circulation by bellows worked by steam.

M. Watteau, professor of the Academy of Design at Lille, and grand-nephew of the celebrated painter of the same name, died recently at that city, much regretted by his numerous pupils, and all friends to the arts.

Jane Shore has been dramatized for the Premier Theatre Francais, by the author of *Agamemnon*.

Bon Mot.—A gentleman, in conversation, was railing at the present race of raffish Dandies rolling and swaggering about in their shaggy white great coats; upon which J... observed, that their appearance in this very way proved them to be the most liberal and charitable race of puppies which had ever sprung up in society. "How so?" said their antagonist. "Why (was the reply) because their hands are never out of their pockets."

Another.—The same parties, carrying on the keen encounter of wit the first observed, "But there is G... (one of these Dandies;) can you deny that he is utterly insignificant?" "On the contrary, he appears to me to be all Soul."—"All soul! the coxcomb?" Yes, for you yourself acknowledge that he is so insignificant as to be Nobody.

Quotation.—"Ah," exclaimed the same jocular companion, looking towards a fine turkey garnished with saucers, how much that bird reminds me of Milton's beautiful description of Lydian music, with its
In knots, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

A poem on *Electricity*, with other poems, is announced to us by a "J. Bannaden."

Learning.—Learning, says the proverb truly, is a fine thing. In a published account of the presentation of a Vase to a Master retiring from St. Paul's School, the said silver Vase is called "an embodied token of respect and gratitude."!!

The *Pantomime* at Covent Garden is reported to be from *Mother Bunch*. At Drury Lane, according to rumour, an attempt is to be made to introduce certain Diioramic effects into the scenery. Mr. Arnold, it is also said, is pursuing similar experiments, previous to opening the English Opera House.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Literary Views of Edinburgh, No. 6, royal 4to. 5s.; India proof, 10s. 6d.—*Magendie's Elementary Compendium of Physiology*, 8vo. 14s.—*The Nun*, and other Poems, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*The Koromantya Slaves*, a Tale, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*The Ionian*, by Miss Renou, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 21s.—*Memoirs of Decastro*, Comedian, 12mo. 6s.—*Transactions of the Edinburgh Medical-Chirurgical Society*, 8vo. 18s.—*Talman's Landlord and Tenant*, 8vo. 6s. 3d.—*Howell's State Trials*, Vol. 32, 8vo. 31s. 6d.—*Edwards's King (Edipus) of Sophocles*, in English Prose, 8vo. 2s.—*Nicol on Scripture Sacrifices*, 8vo. 12s.—*Belson's Abridgement of Nelson's Festivals*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Conversations on the Bible*, 12mo. 7s.—*Howard's Joseph and his Brethren*, a Scriptural Drama, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Toller's Sermons*, 8vo. 10s.—*Thornton on Prayer*, 12mo. 3s.—*Lunn's Horse Jockess*, foolscap 8vo. 4s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many letters received too late in the week for the week. The word *Notice* on the MS. of Advertisements does not alter their character; and however willing to oblige, we cannot insert such communications, paying for each seven shillings to the Stamp Office.

For sundry delayed answers to Correspondents, we must throw ourselves on their consideration. We wish to offend none; it is impossible to gratify all. Affecting is affectionate and pretty, but not of public interest.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

In 8vo. price 11. 11s. 6d.

TEN PLATES, with a Portrait of WASHINGTON IRVING, to illustrate the SKETCH BOOK, &c. From Designs by Leslie, A.R.A. engraved by Scriven, Heath, Finden, Warren, &c. Proofs India (only Twenty-five Copies,) 4to. 31. 13s. 6d. Proofs, 4to. (Fifty Copies only) 21. 10s. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

GREAT ROOM, SPRING GARDENS.

BATTLES OF LIGNY—LES QUATRE BRAS—AND WATERLOO.—Messrs. Marshall's Original PERISTROPIC PANORAMA of Twelve Views of those ever-memorable Battles, painted on 10,000 square feet of Canvas, is NOW OPEN. The Figures, the size of life, and accompanied by a full Military Band, produce a complete sensation of reality, and give the most perfect idea of the progress of those Victories, from the commencement on the 16th, till the complete overthrow of the French Army, on the evening of the 18th June.—Day Exhibitions, from 12 till dusk; Evening, illuminated with gas, from 7 till 9 o'clock. Boxes 2s. Children 1s. Gallery 1s.—The French Panorama of the Shipwreck of the Medusa Private is also open, in the Lower Rooms. Admission 1s.

NEW MUSIC.—"Oh, Lady, ne'er think I'll prove false to thee," composed by J. SINCLAIR, and sung by him with the most distinguished appearance in the Opera of "The Cabinet," at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Price 2s.

"And how she then deceived me?" Air from *Rebecca*, arranged and adapted for the Voice and Piano Forte, by J. SINCLAIR, and sung by him in "The Cabinet" with the most unbounded applause. 2s. 6d.

Published by J. Willis, Harmonic Saloon, Westminster-street, Dublin, and may be had at 32, Southampton-street, Covent Garden, London.

In a few days will be published, No. 11, of *The Miniature Lyrics*, price 7s. 6d.

The Poetry by J. Bayley, Esq.; Composed and arranged by Sir J. Stevenson, Mr. Graham, Mr. Elton, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Sinclair.

Grand Variations on the popular Air of "Hale Britannia," by F. Rees, Esq.; *Friges de Cavatina* and *Thema*, with *Variations*, as sung by Madame Colandini; composed for her by N. Clements of Vienna, and arranged by N. C. Bochsa. 3s.

Welsh Scenery.—In Crown 8vo. price 36s.

THIRTY-FIVE VIEWS IN WALES; engraved in the most completely finished Line Manner, by Edward Finden; from Drawings, with Descriptions, by Capt. Batt, of the Grenadier Guards, F.R.S. Proofs, India, with Etchings, 4to. 71. 7s.; Proofs, India, 4to. 61. 5s.; Proofs, 4to. 41. 4s.

Numbers may yet be had separately.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

RIVINGTONS' ANNUAL REGISTER.—The Public are respectfully informed, that the Volume for the Year 1822 will be published early in the next Month, in one large volume, price 18s.

St. Paul's Church-yard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, Dec. 18.

THE KING.—On Monday next will be published, by Messrs. THOMPSON, Medallion Water Markers, No. 1, Wellington-street, Waterloo-bridge, a PORTRAIT of His Most Gracious Majesty, GEORGE the FOURTH, executed in imitative Cameo, from a Model by Barnett; 6s. plain; 8s. shaded.

Also, a Portrait of Lord Byron.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—The Society being now established, the Laws and Regulations arranged and confirmed, and the extensive suite of Exhibition Rooms on the eve of completion, those Artists who are desirous of becoming Members, must signify their intention to the Secretary on or before the 10th of January next; the first Monday in February being appointed for the Election of Members. Every Information may be obtained by applying to Mr. Hoaghy, St. John's Wood Road; Mr. Holland, 23, Newman-street; Mr. Glover, 61, Montagu-square; or to the Secretary, 19, Blenheim-street, Great Marlborough-st.

Works of Art, in the various departments of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, intended for the Exhibition, will be received on the first Monday and Tuesday in April 1823.

COUNT LAS CASES' JOURNAL of the CONVERSATIONS of NAPOLEON.—The Public are respectfully informed that this important and interesting Work is now concluded, by the publication of the 7th and 8th Parts; and those who have not yet completed their Sets, are requested to make application to their respective Booksellers.

These concluding Parts contain, among a variety of other curious matter—Portraits, by Napoleon, of all the English Ministers—His opinion of the Duke of Wellington, and other great Commanders—His Observations on the Character of the late Princess Charlotte—Anecdotes of the Interior of the Tuilleries, and particularly of the two French Emperresses—Curious Particulars relative to the Duke D'Enghien—Napoleon's intended self-destruction on the 12th August, &c. &c. &c.

Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street.

EDUCATION.—A CLERGYMAN, Doctor of Divinity, late of the University of Cambridge, holding Preferment in the City, but residing in the vicinity of Richmond and Kew, receives into his House a select number of Young Gentlemen for Instruction. The System adopted unites all the requisite Branches of a liberal and polite Education, on a scale of superiority, suitable to those who are connected with and destined for the higher walks of life. The Domestic arrangements for the accommodation of the Pupils are calculated to yield them the comforts to which they have been habituated, or may in future anticipate. The Principal of this Establishment has been for many years extensively connected with the Literary World, and is well known as the Author of several Publications which have obtained a large circulation, both at home and abroad. With the co-operation of able Assistants and Masters, he feels confident of satisfactorily discharging the important trust reposed in him by Parents and Guardians, as to the literary, moral, and religious culture of their Children. References of the highest consideration will be given: A Prospectus of the Plan, Terms, and other particulars, with Cards of Address, may be obtained of Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, 32, Paternoster-row; Messrs. T. & A. Underwood, 23, Fleet-street; Messrs. Trevellet & Wurtz, 35, Soho-square; and Mr. Butcher, 109, Regent-street.

IN THE PRESS.

In the Press, and will be published in a few days, handsomely printed, 1 vol. 8vo. with a fine Portrait of Columbus, Engravings of his Monument and Coat of Arms, and two Fac-similes of his Writing.

MEMORIALS of COLUMBUS; or a Collection of Authentic Documents of that celebrated Navigator. Now first published from the Original Manuscripts, by authority of the Decretions of Genoa. With a Memoir of his Life and Discoveries. Translated from the Spanish and Italian.

Printed for Trevellet & Wurtz, Trevellet, jun. & Richter, 55, Soho-square.

In a few days will be published, in 2 vols. Foolscap 8vo. **PROSE by a POET.**—Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.

Annual Biography for 1823.
On the 1st January will be published, in 8vo. 15s. 6d.

THE ANNUAL BIOGRAPHY and OBITUARY for the Year 1823. Containing Memoirs of celebrated Men who have died in 1822 & 23.

Contents.—Lord Keith; John Philip Kemble, Esq.; Dr. Hutton; Mrs. Radcliffe; Mr. Robert Bloomfield; Sir George Beckwith; Bishop Middleton; Charles Shaw Levee, Esq.; Joseph Nollekens, Esq.; Dr. Jenner; General Dumouriez; the Earl of St. Vincent; John Julius Angerstein, Esq.; the Earl of Hopetoun; Dr. Baillie; Lord Glenbervie; Sir Denis Pack; David Ricardo, Esq.; Sir Henry Hachburn; Admiral Schanck. A general Biographical List of Persons who have died within the Year.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.—Of whom may be had,
Vols. 1 to 7 of the above Work, price 15s. each.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 8vo. 2s. 6d.

AN ACCOUNT of the principal Charitable Institutions of the Parish of Mary-le-bone.
By Madame ADELE du THOU.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

In French and English,
NAPOLEON'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS, the Third Livraison. In Two Parts.
N.B. The fourth and last Livraisons of this important Work are, also, in a forward state, and will appear in a few weeks.
Printed for H. Colburn & Co. and M. Bossange & Co.

Works by the Author of the Cavalier.

THE KING of the PEAK. A Romance. In 3 vols. price 11. 1s. 6d.

Malpas; or, Le Poursuivant D'Amour. A Romance. In 3 vols. 11. 1s.

The Cavalier. A Romance. In 3 vols. 12mo. price 11. 1s. 6d.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.

Literary of Classical English Poetry.

In 10 vols. Post 8mo. price 21.

SELECT WORKS of the BRITISH POETS; with Biographical and Critical Prefaces.
By Dr. AIKIN.
Also, in royal 18mo. to match the British Essayists and Novellists, 32.; and complete, in 1 vol. 8vo. for Schools, &c. price 18s.

"We have noticed with pleasure the appearance of a compilation, which places before us the best Poems of our best Poets in a very accessible form; and in the selection of which we have the benefit of the sound taste and critical abilities of a gentleman so long and so usefully known to the lovers of Letters as Dr. Aikin. The plan of the present work is both comprehensive and judicious."—Monthly Review, March 1822.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.

A new Edition of Dr. Aikin's *Annals of the Reign of George the Third*, brought down to His Majesty's Decease, is just published, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 11. 8s. 6d.

By J. Walker, 43, Paternoster-row; and J. Sutherland, Edinburgh, in Monthly Numbers, price 1s.

THE FAMILY ORACLE of Health, Economy, and Good Living. By Dr. CRELL, &c.—To promote cheap Comfort and Good Health, and to escape Fraud and Quackery.—In No. V, are:—How to escape or cure Christmas Indigestions—To prolong Hunger at Dinner—The Feaster's Morning Draught—The Holy-day Diseases of Young People—How to improve the Tone of the Voice and the Beauty of the Eyes—Lady E. Conyngham's Lip-Hawny—Diseases from Novel-Reading—Shop Diseases of Tradesmen—Art of Thriving in Trade—Desk Diseases of Clergy—Art of Training Improv'd, Science of Drinking—Best Lignors—Opium Eating—Bilious and Liver Diseases, by Mr. Abernethy, &c.—Case of Mr. Wallasek—Spoon Scoury—Chilblains and Chapping, by Sir A. Cooper, &c.—On the Piles, by Sir H. Hallford—Roasted Corn, with the Extortions of Hunt—Dr. Kitchiner Re-candied—Quackery of 1500 Clergymen—London Quackery (Goose & Co. Dr. Rees Smith—Vox Splicing—Dr. Butler—in all 50 interesting Articles.

Now ready, Nos. 1 & 11, 4th Edition—No. VI. on the 1st January, will contain, Confessions of an Oyster-Eater, with a humorous Print by G. Cruikshank.

"This work has much smartness and talent; weighty truths couched in pithy language; and many good receipts."—Literary Gazette.

Handsome printed, in 2 vols. 4to. with Portraits by eminent Artists, price 4l. 4s. bds.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq. the Friend and Biographer of COWPER. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Containing a variety of Anecdotes of the most eminent Men of his time, Extracts from his private Correspondence, &c.

London: Printed for H. Colburn & Co. Conduit-street; and Simpkin & Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court.

In 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.

**THE PRACTICAL STUDY OF SCRIP-
TURE**, recommended and illustrated by Reflec-
tions on some of the most remarkable Examples, Events,
and Discourses, recorded in the Old and New Testam-
ent; intended to assist every Reader of the Bible in
making a profitable application of the Contents of that
sacred Volume. To which are added, Prayers adapted
to each of the foregoing Subjects.

By Mrs. SHERIFFE,
Author of Practical Reflections upon the Psalms.
Printed for Messrs. Hatchard & Son, Piccadilly;
T. Cadell, Strand; J. Nunn, Great Queen-street; Riving-
tons', St. Paul's Church-yard; and Seeley, Fleet-street.

In 1 vol. Post 8vo. uniform with the Author's other
Works, price 7s. 6d. boards.

**SALMAGUNDI; or, The Whig-Whams and
Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. and Others.**
By the Author of "Knickerbocker's New York,"
Sketch Book, &c. and "Bracebridge Hall."
"With baked and boiled, and stewed and roasted,
And fried and broiled, and smoked and roasted,
We treat the town."

London: Printed by Thomas Davison, for T. Eggs,
Cheapside; Rodwell & Martin, Bond-street; also by
R. Griffin & Co. Glasgow.

French Prize Books and Christmas Presents.
Just published, price 2s. embellished with an authentic
Portrait by E. Scriven, and a beautiful Engraving by
J. Scott.

**NOUVEAUX MORCEAUX CHOISIS de
BUFFON**; being the Fourth Number of a Series
of French Classics, printed in 18mo. on a fine paper,
from a new and beautiful Type, and now in the course
of publication, under the title of "Choix des Classiques
Français, Dirigé par L. T. VENTOUILLAC.

Published by S. Low, 43, Lamb's Conduit-street; and
Treuttel, Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun. & Richter, Soho-square.
Of whom may be had,

No. 1. Elisabeth, par Madame Cottin.
Nos. 2 & 3. Numa Pompilius, par Florian.

2d edit. corrected and much improved, price 6s. bound.
**THEORY and PRACTICE; or, a Guide
to the French Language.** Devised on an easy and
methodical plan for Youth and Persons who wish to
study the Elements of that Language with or without
Writing Exercises; and likewise a Book of reference
for Persons who wish to Translate English into French.
By J. MAUROIS, Author of "A Modern French Con-
versation," and "Observations on the Study of the
French Language."

"La pratique rend l'honnête maître."
London: Printed for J. Nunn, Great Queen-street,
Lincoln's Inn Fields; Treuttel & Wurtz, Treuttel, Son,
& Richter, Soho-square.

New Novel.
Elegantly printed in 3 vols. price One Guinea, in bds.
**THE IONIAN, or Woman in the Nine-
teenth Century.** By MISS RENOU, Author of
Village Conversations, Temple of Truth, &c.

Si l'amore e per Dio l'immortal fuoco.
Viva scintilla dell'immortal fuoco.
London: Printed for Sherwood, Jones, & Co. Paternoster
row.—Where may be had, by the same Author,
The Temple of Truth, an Allegorical Poem,
price 6s.

**Village Conversations; or the Vicar's Fire-
side.** In 3 vols. 18s. or either volume separately, 6s.
"This work is written with the best intention, and
manifests a mind of no ordinary reflection."—Mon. Rev.

In a small Volume, price 6s. bds. The
PUPIL'S PHARMACOPEIA, being a
literal Translation of the London Latin Pharma-
copæia; the English following the Original in Italics,
word for word, and the Latin Text being marked to
facilitate a proper Pronunciation. In addition to which,
the Chemical Decompositions are explained in a Note
at the foot of each Preparation. To the whole is an-
nexed, a Table, exhibiting, at one view, the Names of
Medicines, with their Properties, Doses, and Antidotes
in Cases of Poison; also, a List of abbreviated Terms
used in Physicians' Prescriptions, which are explained
at length, &c. designed expressly for the use of Students.
"Duplex libelli dos est."

By W. MAUGHAM, Surgeon.
Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, &
Green.

In 2 vols. 12mo. price 12s. bds.
ARTHUR SEYMOUR, a Novel.—Printed
for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.

In 8vo. price 7s. 6d. bds.
**THE NUN, a Poetical Romance; and
two others.**—Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees,
Orme, Brown, & Green, London.

Elegantly printed in Royal 8vo. price 10s. 6d. or on
tinted paper, price 18s.

**POINTS OF MISERY; or Fables for Man-
kind:** Prose and Verse, chiefly Original. By
CHARLES WESTMACOTT. Illustrated with Twenty
Designs by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

"This Work is got up with great taste, and he must
be a very fastidious reader who is not pleased with it."
Literary Chronicle.—"The engravings are full of
comic humour and wit. The work altogether is an
amusing publication, and every way creditable to the
author and artist."—Literary Museum, Nov. 8.

London: Published by Sherwood, Jones, & Co.
Paternoster-row.

In 8vo. price 12s. bds.
**THE LUCUBRATIONS OF HUMPHREY
RAVELIN, Esq.** late Major of the * * Regiment
of Infantry.—"We'll e'en to't like French sailors,
By any thing we see."—Shakspeare.

Printed for G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria-lane.
"The Author's remarks exhibit the frankness, acuteness,
ease, and good feeling, which we are proud to
think, and pleased to say, so often belong to the
character of the experienced British Officer; while they are
so well conveyed, and in fact with such particular correct-
ness, that not only few military men have the opportunity
of forming and maturing so good a style, but many
of our practised writers must fall into the rear; in
competition with Major Ravelin, who may 'stand muster'
with Geoffrey Crayon."—Monthly Review, May.

Caton on Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Eruptive
Diseases of the Face and Skin, &c.—Price 3s. 6d.

**POPULAR REMARKS, Medical and Liter-
ary,** on Nervous Debility, Relaxation, Hypochon-
driac and Hysterical Diseases: containing an Inquiry
into the Nature, Prevention, and Treatment of those
Diseases called Nervous; Bilious, Stomachic, and
Liver Complaints; with Observations on low Spirits,
and the Influence of Imagination on these acute and
distressing Diseases, &c. By T. M. CATON, Surgeon,
6, Norfolk-street, Strand; late of the united Hospitals
of St. Thomas and Guy.

Printed for Messrs. Sherwood & Co. 20, Paternoster-
row; C. Chapple, 66, Pall-mall; Bower, 31d, Oxford-
street; and Neesley, 16, Princes-street, Soho.

Where may be had,
Caton on Indigestion, Scrofula, and Cuta-
neous Diseases; with Observations on Eruptive and
Scorbutic Pimples of the Face and Skin. Price 2s.
On Female Diseases. 3s. 6d.

New Publications for the Christmas Holidays.
By Harris & Son, corner of St. Paul's Church-yard,
**THE NEW YEAR'S FEAST, on his coming
of Age.** With illustrative Notes to the allusions in
the Poem. Embellished with twelve Engravings on
Wood. Price 1s. 6d.

2. **The Adventures of Congo** in search
of his Master, an American Tale; containing a true
Account of a Shipwreck, and interspersed with Anec-
dotes founded on fact. Illustrated with twenty-four
Engravings. 6s. half-bound, plain; and 6s. 6d. coloured.

3. **Female Friendship, a Tale for Sundays.**
By the Author of "School for Sisters." In 12mo. with
a Frontispiece, from a design by Brooke.

4. **The History of William Tell, the Patriot
of Switzerland.** A free Translation from the French
of Florian. To which is prefixed, a Life of the Author.
Illustrated by twenty-four appropriate Designs. Price
6s. half-bound, plain; and 6s. 6d. coloured.

5. **Variety, or Stories for Children under
Twelve years of Age; founded on Facts.** By a Lady.
Illustrated with twenty-four Engravings. Price, half
bound, 4s. 6d. plain; 6s. coloured.

6. **Little Henry, a German Tale.** Trans-
lated by a Young Lady. A Frontispiece. 2s. half-bd.

7. **The Court of Oberon; or, Temple of the
Fairyies:** a Collection of Tales of past times, adapted
to the language and manners of the present period. With
twenty-four copper-plate Engravings. Price 6s. half-
bound, 7s. 6d. coloured.

8. **The Tell-Tale; an Original Collection
of Moral and amusing Stories.** With twelve Engravings.
Price 4s. half-bound, 5s. coloured.

9. **A Visit to Grove Cottage; by the Author
of "Fruits of Enterprise," and "India Cabinet."**
Illustrated with twelve Engravings. Price 4s. plain,
and 5s. coloured.

* * Several Articles are also in the Press, which will
be produced as New Year's Gifts, and which the Pub-
lishers hope will merit the attention of the Public.

In small 8vo. price 6s.
**MISCELLANEOUS PIECES ON SACRED
SUBJECTS,** in Prose and Verse. By J. LET-
TICE, D.D. written in the Eighty-third and Eighty-
fourth years of his Age.

Nallus res seniles sunt que vel indolis corporibus
animo tamen administratur.—Cic. de Senectute.
Printed for the Author; and sold by C. & J. Riving-
ton, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Waterlo-place;
T. Cadell, Strand; and W. Clarke, New Bond-street.

In 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.
**LEGENDRE'S ELEMENTS OF GEOME-
TRY, and of PLANE & SPHERICAL TRIGONO-
METRY.** Edited by DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D.
Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and Secretary
to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. With additional
Notes and Improvements, Wood-cuts, &c.
Printed for Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; and G. &
W. B. Whittaker, London.

Southey's Poetical Works.
In 14 vols. Foolscap 8vo. price 5l. 15s. 6d. bds.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT
SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D.** containing—Roderick,
the last of the Goths, 3 vols. 18s.; Curse of Kehama,
2 vols. 14s.; Madoc, 2 vols. 16s.; Thalaba, 3 vols.
16s.; Joan of Arc, 2 vols. 16s.; Minor Poems, 3 vols.
16s.; Pilgrimage to Waterloo, 10s. 6d.; Carmen Trium-
phale, and Carmen Aulica, for 1814, 5s.; and Lay of the
Laureate, 4s. Any of which may be had separate.
Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
& Green.—Also, by the same Author.

A Vision of Judgment, a Poem. In 4to.
price 15s. bds.

In 3 vols. 12mo. price 12s. 12s. bds.
THE THREE PERILS OF WOMAN;

or, Love, Leasing, and Jealousy: a Series of Do-
mestic Scottish Tales. By JAMES HOGG, Author of
"The Three Perils of Man."—Printed for Longman,
Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, London.

Of whom may be had, recently published,
The Three Perils of Man. 3 vols. 12mo.
11s. 6d. bds.

Self-Deception; or, Adelaide d'Hauteroche.
By the Author of "Domestic Scenes." 2 vols. 12mo.
price 14s. bds.

**Edward Neville; or, the Memoirs of an
Orphan.** 4 vols. 12mo. price 14s. 6d.

The King of the Peak. By the Author of
the "Cavalier," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 11s. 6d. bds.

Integrity, a Tale. By Mrs. Hoffman: 6s. bds.
Hurstwood, a Tale of the Year 1715. In
3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.

The Stranger's Grave, a Tale. In 12mo.
price 6s. bds.

Humboldt's Geognosy.—In 1 vol. 8vo. price 14s. bds.

**A GEOGNOSTICAL ESSAY ON THE SU-
PERPOSITION OF ROCKS in both HEMIS-
PHERES.** By M. de HUMBOLDT. And translated
into English under his immediate inspection.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
& Green.—Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

**The Personal Narrative of M. de Hum-
boldt's Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New
Continent.** In 5 vols. 8vo. price 4l. 1s. 6d. bds.

**Researches on the Institutions and Monu-
ments of the Ancient Inhabitants of America.** A new
Edit. in 2 vols. 8vo. with Plates, 11. 11s. 6d. bds.

**Political Essay on the Kingdom of New
Spain, with Maps, &c. the 2d Edit. in 4 vols. 8vo.
price 3l. 15s. 6d. bds.**

Just published, in 8vo. 4s. by Oliver & Boyd, and
J. Anderson, Jun. Edinburgh; G. & W. B. Whittaker,
and Taylor & Hessey, London.

**THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
and MISCELLANY.** No. 7.

(To be continued Quarterly.)
Contents:—Introductory Statement.—1. Proceedings
of the Metaphysicians of the Old School for the Suppres-
sion of Phrenology.—2. Remarks on some recent Attacks
on Phrenology.—3. Correspondence between Mr. George
Combe and Dr. Barclay, on the subject of Dr. Barclay's
Animadversions on Phrenology in his Lectures.—4. Phre-
nology and Professor Jameson.—5. On the recent Dis-
coveries, by Mr. Charles Bell, of the Functions of several
of the Nerves.—6. Dialogue between a Philosopher
of the Old School and a Phrenologist.—7. On the alleged
Claims of Bell to Dr. Gall's Discoveries in the Anatomy
of the Brain.—8. The Spider and the Bee.—9. The En-
igma of Phrenology.—10. Letter from Miss Constella
Mason.—11. Application of Phrenology to Criticism:
Character of Macbeth.—12. Description of the skulls of
Three Murderers, in the Museum of the College of
Surgeons, Dublin.—13. On Materialism and Nihilism,
being a Review of Bannell on Scipicism and Roma-
topheneology, by Philostrate.—14. Notice of the
Transactions of the Phrenological Society.—15. Anti-phre-
nological Lectures, by the Sieur Dännebrunnshausen.

In 12mo. price 7s.
CONVERSATIONS on the BIBLE.
 By A LADY.
 Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street.

Present State of the Morea.
 In 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated by Plates, Woodcuts, &c.
 price 12s. 6ds.

NARRATIVE of a TOUR thro' the MOREA,
 giving an Account of the present State of that
 Peninsula and its Inhabitants.
 By SIR WILLIAM GELL.
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green.

In 8vo. price 9s. 6ds.
LONDON and PARIS, or Comparative
 sketches. By the MARQUIS de VERMONT, and
 Sir CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart.
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green. "Perhaps in no prior work have the manners
 of these capitals been alternately examined and com-
 pared."—Preface.

In 8vo. with several coloured Plates, price 18s. 6ds.
 Vol. XII. Part II. of

MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL TRANSACTIONS.
 Published by the Medical and Chirurgical
 Society of London.
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green.—Of whom may be had

The Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical
 Society. Vols. I. to XII. price 11l. 7s. 6ds.

In 8vo. 12s. 6ds. 3d edit. considerably enlarged, of
ESSAYS on HYPOCHONDRIASIS, and
 other NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

By JOHN REID, M.D.
 Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London;
 and late Physician to the Finbury Dispensary.
 "I have chosen those subjects of these Essays,
 wherein I take human life to be most concerned, which
 are of most common use, or most necessary knowledge;
 and wherein, though I may not be able to inform men
 more than they know, I may perhaps give them occasion
 to consider more than they do."—Sir Wm. Temple.
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green.

In 12mo. 6th edit. price 6s. 6ds.
THE LONDON PRACTICE of MID-
WIFERY: To which are added, Instructions for
 the Treatment of Lying-in Women, and the principal
 Diseases of Children. Chiefly designed for the Use of
 Students and early Practitioners.
 London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme,
 & Co.; Cadell & Wilson; Cox & Son; R. Scholey;
 J. Dancan; T. & G. Underwood; Burgess & Hill;
 G. Mackie; and S. Highley.—Of whom may be had,
 The London Dissector; or, System of Dis-
 section, practised in the Hospitals and Lecture Rooms
 of the Metropolis; explained by the clearest Rules, for
 the Use of Students. In 12mo. 6th edit. price 5s. 6ds.

In 2 vols. 8vo. illustrated with Plates and numerous
 Woodcuts, from original Drawings and Sections,
 price 1l. 6s. 6ds.

TRAVELS, comprising OBSERVATIONS
 made during a RESIDENCE in the TARENTAISE
 and various Parts of the Grecian and Peninsular Alps,
 in Savoy, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the Years
 1820, 1821, and 1822; with Remarks on the present
 State of Society, Manners, Religion, Agriculture, Cli-
 mate, &c. of those Countries.

By ROBERT BAKEWELL, Esq.
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green. London.

In 3 vols. 8vo. a new edit. price 1l. 11s. 6d. 6ds.
A SERIES of PLAYS: in which it is at-
 tempted to delineate the stronger Passions of the
 Mind; each Passion being the subject of a Tragedy and
 a Comedy. By JOANNA BAILEY.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green.—Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
 Medical Legends of exalted Characters,

In 8vo. 14s. 6ds.

The Family Legend, in 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Miscellaneous Plays, in 8vo. 9s. 6ds.

In small 8vo. price 7s. 6ds.
LETTERS on the State of CHRISTIANITY
 in INDIA; in which the Conversion of the Hin-
 dous is considered as impracticable. To which is added,
 a Vindication of the Hindous, Male and Female, in
 Answer to a severe Attack made upon both by the
 Reversed &c. &c. By the Abbé J. A. DUBOIS, Mis-
 sionary in Mysore, and Author of the Description of
 the People of India.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green.—Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
 A Description of the Character, Manners,
 and Customs of the People of India, and their Institu-
 tions, Religious and Civil. In 4to. 2l. 2s. 6ds.

In 3 vols. 8vo. New Editions, with Portraits of the
 Queen and Madame Campan, 28s. French 24s.

MEMOIRS of MARIE ANTOINETTE,
 Queen of France. By MADAME CAMPAN,
 First Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Queen.
 Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street;
 and Bosange & Co. Great Marlborough-street.

In 1 vol. 8vo. with 16 Lithographic Plates, 14s. 6ds.
MILLINGTON'S EPITOME of MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY, comprehending the Ele-
 mentary Principles of Mechanics, Pneumatics, Acous-
 tics, Hydrostatics, and Hydraulics, with all their modern
 Improvements. A copious Account of the Steam
 Engine, and simple Rules for estimating the Power of
 Machinery. By JOHN MILLINGTON, Professor
 Mechanics Royal Institution, &c. &c.
 Published by Sherwood & Jones, Paternoster-row;
 and Cox, Borough.

Works by the Author of the Lollards.
OTHER TIMES, or the Monks of Lead-
 hall. A Romance. In 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. 6ds.
 Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes. A Novel.
 In 3 vols. 12mo. price 1l. 1s. 6ds.

The Lollards, a Tale; founded on the Per-
 secutions which marked the Commencement of the
 Fifteenth Century. In 3 vols. 12mo. price 1l. 1s.
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green.

Lacon, 14th Edition.
 In 2 vols. 8vo. price 14s. 6ds. being the 14th edit.
 in England, and 8th in America,

LACON; or, Many Things in Few Words.
 By the Rev. C. C. COLTON, late Fellow of King's
 College, Cambridge; and Vicar of Kew and Petersham.
 Sold by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green, London; and all other Booksellers.

For various notices of, and critiques upon this Work,
 see the various Reviews and Journals, Metropolitan
 and Provincial, Foreign and Domestic.

Dr. Bisset's Continuation of *Hume and Smollett*.
 A New Edition, completed to the Death of the King,
 in 6 vols. 8vo. price 3l. 3s. 6ds.

THE HISTORY of the Reign of GEORGE
 the THIRD. By ROBERT BISSET, LL.D.
 Author of the Life of Burke, &c. &c.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green.—Of whom may be had,

1. A New Edition of Dr. Aikin's Annals
 of the Reign of George the Third, brought down to
 His Majesty's Decease. In 2 vols. price 1l. 8s.

2. Doctor Aikin's Annals of the Reign of
 George the Third, abridged for the Use of Schools. In
 12mo. price 4s. 6d. bound.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, and CRIT-
ICAL JOURNAL, No. 77. Price 6s.

Contents:—1. Funding System—British Finances—
 2. Game Laws—3. Prince Hohenlohe's Miracles—
 4. Scottish Music and Songs—5. Royal Authors: The
 Bourbons—6. Woolen Manufacture: Duty on Foreign
 Wool imported—7. Negro Improvement and Emanci-
 pation—8. Clarke's Travels—9. Secondary Scottish No-
 vels—10. Geology of the Deluge—11. Memoirs of the
 Baron de Kolli—12. The Court of Chancery.—Quarterly
 List of New Publications.

Printed for A. Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Long-
 man, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, London.

Exploratory Travels.

3 vols. 8vo. illustrated with Maps and Plates, 1l. 15s. 6ds.
ACCOUNT of an EXPEDITION from
PITTSBURGH to the ROCKY MOUNTAINS,

performed in the Years 1819-20, by Order of the Hon.
 J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the Command
 of Major S. H. Long of the United States Topographi-
 cal Engineers. Compiled from the Notes of Major
 Long, Mr. T. Say, and other Gentlemen of the Party.
 By EDWIN JAMES.

Botanist and Geologist for the Expedition.
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green.—"The Expedition, of which an account
 is here given, does honour to the American Govern-
 ment, and to the gentlemen to whom its execution was
 confided."—Eclectic Review, June 1823.

Miss Benger's *Mary Queen of Scots*.
 Second Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. with a genuine Por-
 trait, never before engraved, price 1l. 4s. 6ds.

MEMOIRS of MARY, Queen of Scots,
 with Anecdotes of the Court of Henry the Second,
 during her Residence in France. By MISS BENDER.
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,
 & Green.—Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

1. Memoirs of the Life of Anne Boleyn,
 Queen of Henry VIII. 2d edit. in 2 vols. with Two Por-
 traits, price 10s.

2. Memoirs of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Ham-
 ilton. 2d edit. 2 vols. 8vo. with a Portrait, 1l. 1s. 6ds.

3. Memoirs of Mr. John Tobin, author of
 the Honey-Moon. In 8vo. 12s. 6ds.

In 8vo. price 12s.
ESSAYS on the Love, the Poetry, and the
 Character of Petrarch, comprising numerous Trans-
 lations by the Author's friends. By G. G. FOSCOLO.
 Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

In a portable vol. Post 8vo. 15s. 5th Edition, thoroughly
 revised, and with important Additions.

INFORMATION and DIRECTIONS for
TRAVELLERS on the CONTINENT.
 By MANANA STARKE.
 Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

In 3 vols. 8vo. price 36s.
A SECOND SERIES of CURIOSITIES of
LITERATURE, consisting of Researches in Liter-
 ary, Biographical, and Political History—of Critical
 and Philosophical Inquiries—and of Secret History.
 By I. D'ISRAELI, Esq.
 Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

Seventh Edition of the First Series, 5 vols.
 Post 8vo. 35s.

Seventh Edition of the First Series, 3 vols.
 8vo. 36s.

Beautifully printed in 2 vols. Post 8vo. price 16s.

A New Edition of

THE SKETCH BOOK.
 By GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gent.
 Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

1. Another Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

2. Bracebridge Hall, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

3. Knickerbocker's New York, 2 vols. 14s.

4. Ten Plates to illustrate the above, in-
 cluding a Portrait of the Author, 1l. 11s. 6d.

Imperial 8vo. 8s.; 4to. 12s.; India, 16s.

VIEWS in SPAIN.

By EDWARD HAWKE LOCKER, Esq. F.R.S.
 Number VI. containing—1. Col de Forja—2. Trajor
 —3. Reus—4. Noain—5. Palencia.

This Work (to be completed in Twelve Numbers, to
 appear every Six Weeks) will form an appropriate
 Illustration of Mr. Southey's History of the Peninsu-
 lar War.—Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

In 4 vols. 12mo. 28s.

THE HERMIT ABROAD. By the cele-
 brated Author of "The Hermit in London," and
 "Hermit in the Country."

"The Hermit Abroad should be read by every
 Englishman, previously to his visiting the capital of
 France. He will derive more information and amuse-
 ment from it than from numerous tours. The satire is
 likewise extremely piquant and delicate."—Morn. Chron.

Illustration for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street.

Of whom, and all Booksellers, may be had

New Editions of The Hermit in London,
 and Hermit in the Country, each in 3 vols. 21s.

In 3 vols. 12mo. 21s. 6ds.

THE SPAEWIFE; or, a Tale of the Scottish
 Chronicles. By the Author of "Annals of the
 Parish," "Ringan Gilhalze," &c.

"They say—Quhat say they? Let them say." Aberdeen.

Printed for Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; and G. &
 W. B. Whittaker, London.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

Ringan Gilhalze, or The Covenanters. In
 3 vols. 12mo. 21s. 6ds.

In 8vo. price 7s.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS on DIS-
TORTIONS of the SPINE, CHEST, and LIMBS;
 together with Remarks on Paralytic and other Diseases
 connected with impaired or defective motion.

By WILLIAM TILLEARD WARD, F.R.S., F.M.S.L.
 Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and of the
 Medico-Chirurgical Society.

"We take our leave of Mr. Ward by strongly recom-
 mending his work to the attention of medical men; and
 we have long entertained views similar to those of our
 author, relative to the advantages to be derived from
 perseverance in the means of cure which he has so ably
 advocated."—Medical and Physical Journal.

"We have perused Mr. Ward's book with much sa-
 tisfaction; he writes with a considerable knowledge of
 his subject, and of the best authors who have treated
 on the disorders embraced by his treatise."

London Medical Repository.

"It is written with great modesty and good sense;
 and it invites our attention to a remedial agent which is
 much wanted in these days of effeminate manners and
 sedentary habits."—Medico-Chirurgical Review.

Printed for T. & G. Underwood, 21, Fleet-street.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, and Published
 every Saturday, by W. A. SCARFF, at the Literary
 Gazette Office, 362, (Exeter Change) Strand; and

7, South Moulton Street, Oxford Street. Sold also
 by E. Marborough, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill;
 and J. Chappell & Son, 19, Royal Exchange.

B. BENSLEY, Printer, Bolt-court; Fleet-street.